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FAMOUS INNS AND THEIR SIGNS

The "Fox and Hounds" BARLEY · HERTFORDSHIRE

There are numerous "Fox and Hounds" up and down the country. Few, however, possess signs so striking as that of the quaint wayside inn at Barley, Hertfordshire, which has a sign somewhat grimly known as the gallows type extending across the road, showing fox, hounds and huntsmen racing across the beam. They say that the name was changed to "Fox and Hounds", when, in the long ago, a fox, hard-pressed, took refuge in a kennel in the backyard of the inn. It is fascinating lore of this nature which so greatly enhances the pleasure of motoring, which in turn derives from John Boyd Dunlop's epic invention of the pneumatic tyre.

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY E. BOYE UDEN FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

GIBRALTAR'S AIR-STRIP—THE WARTIME RUNWAY, WHICH JUTS OUT TO SEA FROM THE LOW-LYING GROUND AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCK: After a "battle" in the western end of the Straits the combined units of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets reassembled at the naval base last week. **(See page 399)**

This has been a month of intense activity in Gibraltar and in the surrounding seas as ships of the Home Fleet, engaged upon the Spring Cruise, have met ships of the Mediterranean Fleet which came from Malta to take part in the most elaborate series of British naval exercises staged since the war. The theme of the exercises was that cruisers and destroyers of Redland's Task Force were to attempt to fight a way past Blueland's superior fleet, and through the Straits of Gibraltar to join a supporting Task Force in the Mediterranean. Forty-four warships, including the battleships *Vanguard* and *Duke of York*, the fleet carrier *Implacable*, the light fleet carriers *Theseus* and *Triumph*, and four flotillas of destroyers and submarines, took part in the exercises. The C.-in-C.'s of the Mediterranean and Home Fleets, Admiral Sir Arthur Power and Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, acted as Umpires, the Redland Force operations were directed by Rear-Admiral Earl Mountbatten, who commands the 1st Cruiser Squadron, and the Blueland Force operations by Vice-Admiral Russell, commanding the 2nd Cruiser Squadron. Every member of the ships' companies took an eager interest in the progress of the "Battle of the Rock," and in each ship they received hour-to-hour progress reports. The Home Fleet on its way home from Gibraltar to the English Channel will continue in battle formations, and the Spring Cruise will conclude with a carrier-borne attack against Plymouth. This picture of the Rock evidences how its wartime defenders created an air-strip despite the cramped conditions

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The King and the Press.

—The Press (as I observe from a safe distance) are very like schoolboys—decent at heart, mischievous by nature. Take them into your confidence, treat 'em like grown-ups, tell them the truth, and why (as sometimes may be necessary) the truth should be played down or played up, or deferred, and the Press always responds gallantly, faithfully and precisely. But haze them, muddle them, let the news leak out to one form and not to another, and then there will be trouble and someone will let a nasty cat out of the bag. The news of the King's operation could not have been better handed out or better reported. The public was spared anxiety and sensational speculation. I am not going into the details. I think in only one respect was the forecast falsified by events—the length of time during which His Majesty was under anæsthetic. It was considerably longer than expected. The operation itself was precautionary rather than of immediate urgency, and the decision to undergo it was made easier for the King by the knowledge that his general health was very satisfactory and that there could be no better occasion than now. So much and no more. The public is thankful that all is over and all 's well and to have been spared anxiety and rumour. How very different was the handling of another item of news just before, where it had been wiser to treat the Press as grown-ups and put them on their honour to deal with the truth as "men of the world." "The whole truth and nothing but the truth" is rightly a journalist's ideal and, like most ideals, hard to attain and sometimes impracticable. Public policy in public life sometimes falls back on expedients and the whole truth is not always healthy in the public interest. When such a case occurs, it is wise if authority treats the newspaper men as men of the world, puts them on their honour and cuts away the schoolboy zest for mischief. But responsible Ministers and minions are very slow to grasp this truth; instead they cling to their mysteries and unleash the dogs of rumour and speculation.

"Babes in the Wood."—

Equity has submitted a report to the Home Office on conditions under which children work in pantomimes. I confess the headings, or some of them, shocked me, recalling, as they did, some of the evils of child labour in the age of Dickens. A fairly wide survey was made by independent investigators in England, Scotland and Wales, covering 160 pantomimes employing more than 1,300 children, some of them under thirteen. One fact emerges clear. The children are taken on as "cheap labour." Their wages vary between 20s. and 25s. In one or two shows the children gave their services free. In Central London conditions are very much better and pay adequate. Many of these children are grossly overworked, doing as much as twelve up to eighteen shows a week. Accommodation in the theatres was on the whole tolerable, and the children were adequately supervised and cared for, but one or two shocking examples of unhealthy conditions came to light. In one case the children were expected to dress in an underground and windowless room, more or less shared with a flock of performing sheep. I make no doubt that accommodation for all performers is still very bad in a majority of provincial theatres of the second class. Equity urges a central licensing authority to approve each individual engagement; to do away with child troupes and to raise the permissible age to thirteen or over.

Nu Speling.—

I was not surprised to read of motions to reject the Spelling Reform and Prohibition of Fox-hunting Bills. The rejection of the latter was a foregone conclusion after Mr. Williams' intervention in the earlier Bill, but I believe a large number of Socialists who were prepared to support that Bill, and perhaps the Fox-hunting Bill, were disappointed and annoyed at the Government's decision not to support it, and I doubt if we have heard the last of these efforts. But I am confident that "nu speling" will never be achieved by any Parliamentary measure nor fox-hunting abolished. The latter will kill itself if times don't mend and barbed-wire find no cheap substitute. As for new spelling, all sense, sanity, logic and convenience cry out that the absurd anomalies of our language, pronunciation, spelling, and so forth, should be eliminated so far as simplified spelling can do it. But the difficulties are too great. The imponderable weight of tradition, the intermediate period when we should become "two nations" with the pen, when the Press and publisher would have to plump for modernity or tradition . . . these difficulties are only a very few which occur. And (bad linguists ourselves) I am not sure we are not proud of the iron curtain we have drawn over our native tongue by our plough-through-cough nonsense and our Cholmondeleyising.

A MEET OF THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES—PREPARING TO MOVE OFF FROM HALL BARN, BEACONSFIELD: They met at the home of Lord and Lady Burnham. Lord Burnham is seen standing on the extreme right of the picture. The Master of the Eton College Beagles is the Hon. Rodney Elton, Lord Elton's eldest son, who is seen in the centre, and the two whips are J. R. Mowbray (standing just to the left of the Master) and C. J. Trotter third from right). Beagling, unlike fox-hunting, was directly involved in Mr. Seymour Cocks' Protection of Animals (Hunting and Coursing) Prohibition Bill which was defeated in Parliament recently when Cabinet Ministers voted in strength against the Measure. As a result of the campaign against hunting the Government has decided to set up a committee "to examine the law relating to cruelty to wild animals." Two hundred and thirty members of Parliament have signed the petition asking for this committee, which will really be a fact-finding inquiry

Cruelty to Animals.—

Mr. Morrison never announced a more popular committee of inquiry than that to tackle cruelty to animals. The announcement brought into harmony the bitterest opponents in the recent blood-sport controversies. For this is the only way to deal with a subject which all Englishmen have at heart and to tackle it without the risk of suspicion of prejudice and class; fact-finding scientifically, broadly, universally. The Committee's personnel must be carefully chosen and representative of course. It may, and indeed should, sit for a very long time, for it must go into the question of unnecessary cruelty in every department of our lives, from killing for food and killing for sport, to keeping pets and collecting specimens, or trapping vermin. It is an immense subject and a great deal of the past history of the last three centuries will have to be absorbed by the members. For if bear- and bull-baiting are dead, I would not be so sure that cock-fighting under the rose never takes place in the North Midlands. What is certain is that this Committee will have the support and blessing alike of Masters of Hounds and of garden-city humanitarians.

Mann and His Men.—

F. G. Mann had a great personal triumph in the final Test match, which snatched a second English victory from the jaws of time. His own contribution was 138 runs and some quite exceptional captaincy and leadership. He has proved a first-rate ambassador of sport in the best traditions, and all his team have won golden opinions. The five Tests and many of the lesser matches have been thoroughly enjoyed in the Union, and by all accounts the whole tour went with the very minimum of misunderstanding and discord. It was just the fillip which English cricket needed in the Commonwealth and which cricket needed in the Union, and Mann, the leader, has gained in stature and caught the eye of those who control and follow English cricket. Perhaps, after all, he will not yet be lost to Test cricket.

Martin Tupper.—

I enjoyed Mr. Hudson's life of Tupper, and I feel sure he must have enjoyed writing it. All the romance of a literary man's search for buried treasure must have been in the discovery, assembly and completion of Tupper's notebooks. It is a just appraisement, never stooping to ridicule, of a good, industrious craftsman (of a sort). What lesson his literary life holds for critics and ambitious authors! What makes a literary success? Ultimately only high merit, the genius that can write for all time, can treat of eternal things in human nature. But a temporary success, a "best-seller," a decade of enormous popularity and adulation? Merit has little to do with that. Only time can make a classic. I don't think that Tupper's success brands the early and mid-Victorian age. Such a thing might happen to-day, and does. Tupper enjoyed his long run of fame. Considering his enormous sales, he was singularly ill-rewarded financially. And then suddenly he was snuffed out. I dare say the bitterest pill he had to swallow was the change of heart of his Queen, whose pet poet he had been so long. Nothing was too good for Mr. Tupper, when the Prince Consort approved his writings. But when Mr. Disraeli had Victoria's ear, no author was more ridiculous and pretentious. But I think there was never much in Mr. Tupper's chance of the Laureateship or a knighthood.

London's Germs.—

Two days in London earlier this week gave me the impression that London's germs are peculiarly nasty this March. For apart from the horrible aftermath of its current form of 'flu, its gossip and scandal struck me as positively poisonous. The most responsible people passed on to me scandalous details and shocking revelations sufficient to make my thin blood run cold. And when I came home to recover from the germs, I expected to read of frightful reactions to the bursting of these scandals. But they were mares'-nests. *Nobody seems one penny the worse!* Whether we are more tolerant in public life of human peccadillo or more prone to accept slander as fact, I do not know. Certainly some of London's itinerant stories (March '49 brand) were of the *credo quia impossibile* type.

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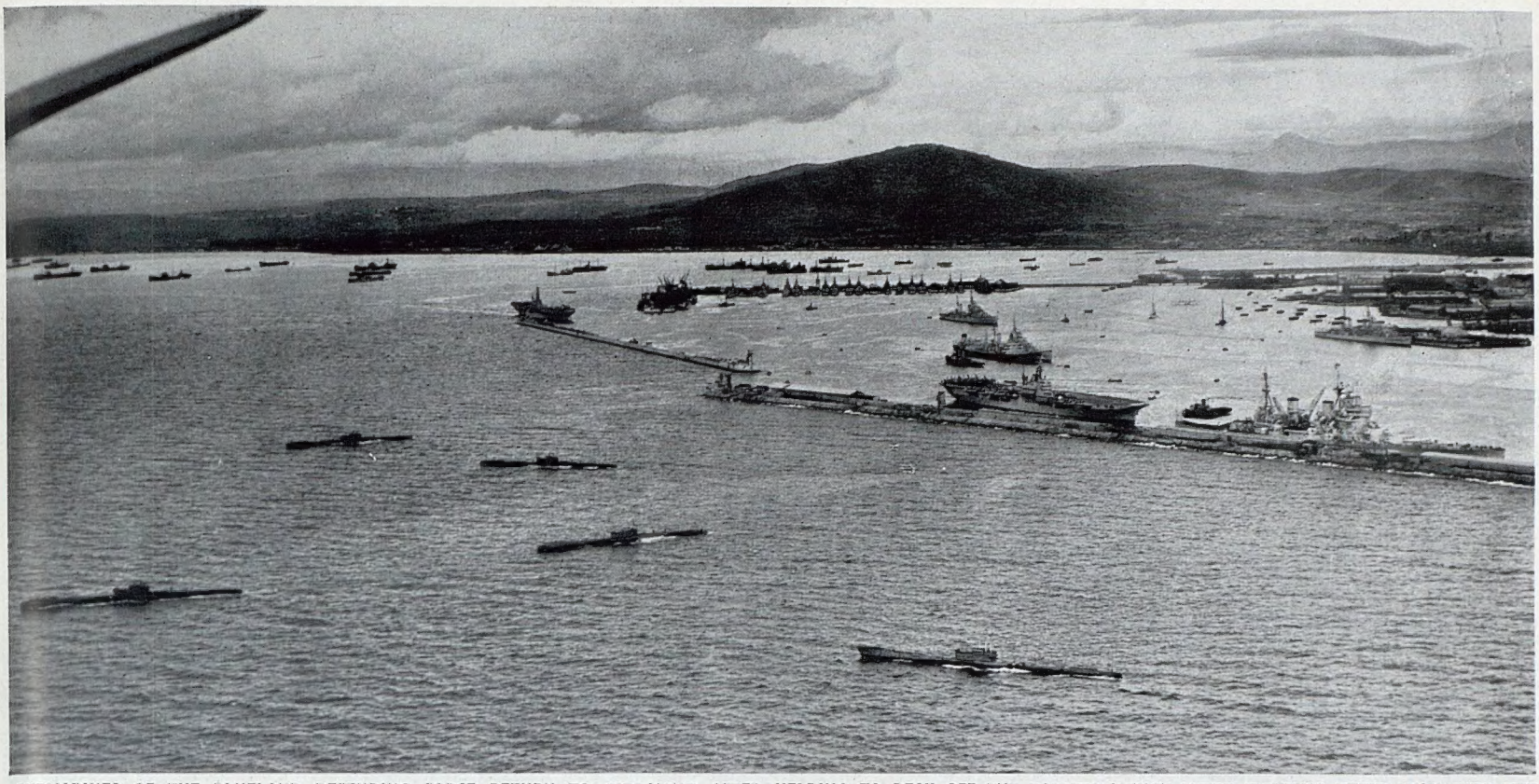
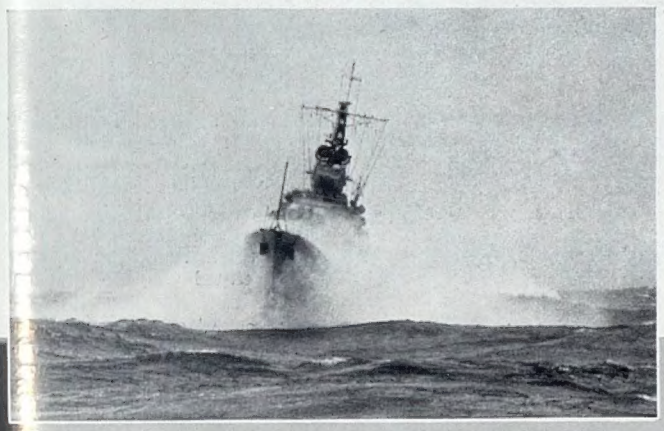


SUBMARINES OF THE BLUELAND DEFENDING FORCE RETURN TO GIBRALTAR AFTER HELPING TO BEAT OFF THE RAIDERS WHICH WERE FIGHTING THEIR WAY INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN : An aerial view of the approaches to the naval harbour at Gibraltar during the recent combined exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets. This view, taken on the west side of Gibraltar, looks across the Bay of Gibraltar to the hills of Southern Spain in the region of Algeciras



GIBRALTAR

THE BATTLE OF THE ROCK

The Combined Exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets

In the final stages of the "Battle of the Rock," H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Britain's post-war battleship, was engaged by the guns of the fortress, but according to the umpires she was not put out of action. This was only one of many dramatic features of the combined exercises which had their focal point at Gibraltar. At the conclusion of the battle it was held that Earl Mountbatten and his raiders had failed to break a way through the Straits of Gibraltar to join a sister Task Force, and Admiral Russell's defending forces claimed that by the last day they had annihilated the raiders

On left—**H.M.S. "CORUNNA" BATTLES THROUGH HEAVY SEAS IN THE BAY OF BISCAY : One of the Navy's Battle-class destroyers at speed**

REVVING UP ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" : A Sea Hornet of 80 squadron about to take off from the 23,000-ton fleet carrier. The final phase of the combined fleet exercises was an air attack launched by three carriers. The ships they attacked were defended by combat patrols. Rain and mist prevented the fullest aerial activity. "Implacable" and her sister ship "Indefatigable" are each capable of carrying over sixty aircraft

THE BENELUX MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE: Dr. William Drees (standing on right), the Dutch Prime Minister, making the opening speech at the Conference of twenty-one Cabinet Ministers, from the three Benelux countries (Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg), who have decided to reach provisional economic union on July 1, 1949, and complete economic union on July 1, 1950. On the left of the horseshoe is the Belgian delegation, with M. Spaak, the Prime Minister, on the extreme left. The Dutch delegation is centred round Dr. Drees and Dr. Stikker, and the Luxembourg delegation is seated in the foreground

THE BENELUX UNION

ITALY AND THE ATLANTIC PACT

"Benelux has now become a reality," declared M. Spaak, the Belgian Prime Minister, at the start of the Ministerial Conference at The Hague, and the Luxembourg Prime Minister described the deliberations as an example to the world. The three Governments of Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg are now considering in detail the stages by which they will progress towards complete economic union, and they have chosen July 1 as the date of provisional union, which will be characterised by the gradual decontrol of trade between their territories and systematic co-ordination of the economic and monetary policies of the partners with respect to other countries. Social policy, wage policy and investment policy will be co-ordinated. Measures aiming at the simplification of frontier controls on passenger traffic will play a part in the Benelux scheme.

ITALY'S ADHESION TO THE ATLANTIC PACT CAUSES AN UPROAR IN PARLIAMENT AND AMONG THE PEOPLE: *Left*—The scene in the Chamber as Premier Gasperi was about to make the announcement which was received by an outburst from the Communist and pro-Communist ranks in Parliament. *Right*—An anti-Pact demonstrator, holding his clubbed head, is taken away by members of the police during one of the demonstrations in Rome following the Premier's statement

Signor Nenni, the pro-Communist Socialist leader, led the attack on Premier Gasperi and his Government after the latter had announced the Italian Cabinet's decision to join the Atlantic Pact. Signor Nenni declared that the Government had betrayed all its pledges not to commit Italy to military engagements, and he demanded that ratification of Italy's adhesion to the Pact should be delayed until a referendum could be held. Signor Pajetta, a leading Communist, then delivered one of several fiery speeches from the Communist ranks. While the Chamber was listening to these outbursts, a foretaste of the agitation against the Atlantic Pact, which its opponents are preparing to stage everywhere, was given in the centre of Rome. Hundreds of young Communists gathered outside the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and shouted "Long live peace!" and "Down with the Atlantic Pact!" The demonstrators, driven into side streets by police in jeeps, persisted in reassembling. The crowds were several times broken up by truncheon charges in which a number of people were injured. The police detained forty-five men and ten women. At Florence, Leghorn, Pistoia and Terni there were also demonstrations.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

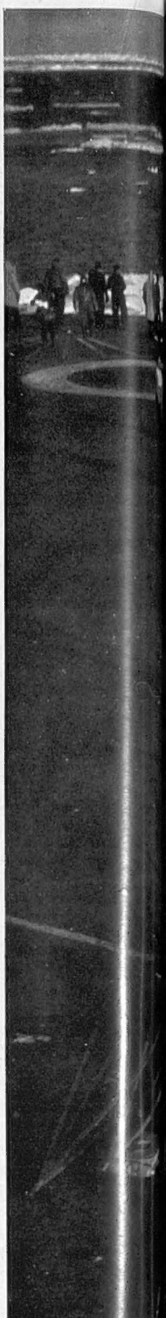
Queen Mary and the Business Women's Housing Association ; Princess Margaret's Educational Tour ; Visits to Two London Courts

A HELPING HAND ON THE STEPS AFTER QUEEN MARY VISITS WEST LONDON FLATS : Her Majesty leaving a house in Kensington Park Road, near Notting Hill Gate, which has been converted by the Business Women's Housing Association into flats for single women. With her is Mrs. Madge Waller, Chairman of the Association. During Queen Mary's tour of inspection five-year-old Michael Wakefield presented her with a bouquet. "Hallo, Queen," he said. "Hallo, dear," replied Queen Mary

PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVING THE EAST LONDON JUVENILE COURT AT TOYNBEE HALL : Her Royal Highness with Mr. Basil Henriques, Chairman of the magistrates, who joined her at lunch at the Bernhard Baron Settlement for Jewish Boys and Girls after she had heard a number of cases involving juvenile delinquents. The Princess sat with two women probation officers, with whom she discussed each case after it had been dealt with. One girl, sent to an approved school, was taken from the court screaming. Princess Margaret's visit to the East End was the sixth engagement of the kind she had undertaken in as many days. She had previously toured Scotland Yard, the Battersea Power Station and the King George V Dock, where she saw the new motor-vessel *Port Brisbane*, and she had attended a debate in the House of Commons. These visits will continue. They are not public engagements, but private visits covering different phases of national life. Princess Elizabeth did the same thing, but owing to the war, she did not start until she had reached the age of twenty

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVE TO THE OLD BAILEY : Their Royal Highnesses on their way to the court where they saw a criminal trial for the first time. For two and a half hours they sat behind the barristers' table in No. 1 Court within a few yards of two men accused of attempted murder. They heard the prosecution unfold, before Lord Chief Justice Goddard, allegations that Arthur Parkyn, dealer, and Harold Berlinski, welder, had tried to run down two police officers in a van said to have been stolen. The prisoners, who were found guilty and sentenced on the following day, stared ahead, unaware of the Royal visitors until they were told at the luncheon adjournment. The Princesses were the first members of the Royal family to visit the Old Bailey since it was opened by King Edward VII in 1907

AT THE JUDGES' ENTRANCE TO OLD BAILEY : Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret leaving the court after attending a criminal trial in No. 1 Court, one of the numerous items on Princess Margaret's educational tour



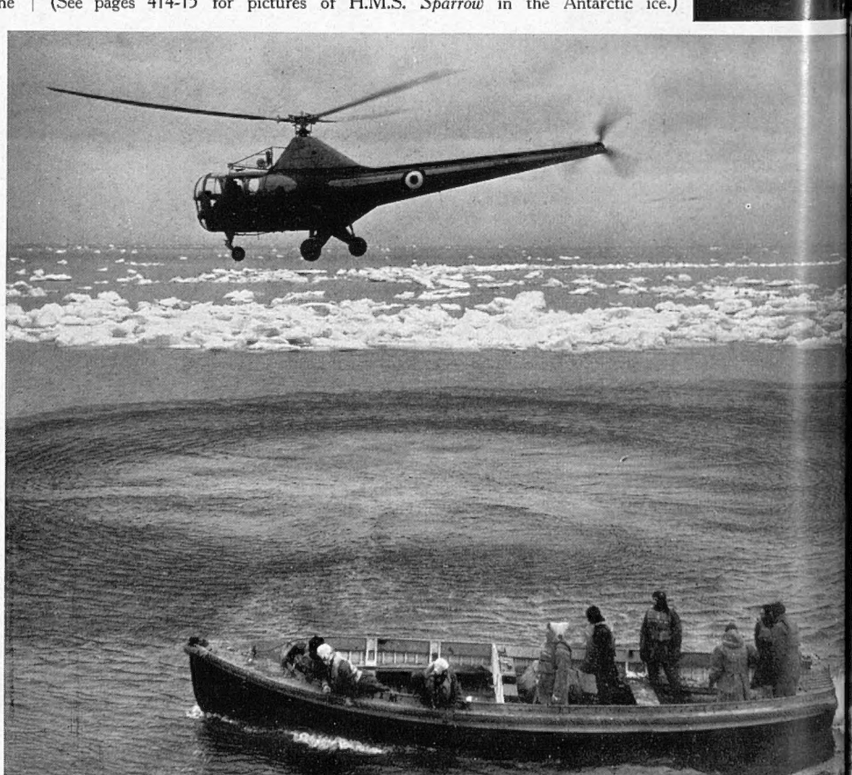
THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "VENGEANCE" STEAMING THROUGH A SEA OF "BRASH" ICE: The 13,000-ton carrier was detached from the 3rd Aircraft Carrier Squadron of the Home Fleet to lead the Royal Naval Arctic Force on its cruise in the Arctic Ocean north-east of Iceland, the object being to test the armament and equipment in Arctic weather and to determine the effect of such weather on men and machinery. "Vengeance" put in at Rosyth last week after an adventurous cruise in the course of which she was holed in heavy ice conditions

WITH THE ROYAL NAVAL ARCTIC FORCE

H.M.S. "Vengeance" Leads the Cold-Weather Experimental Cruise in the Far North

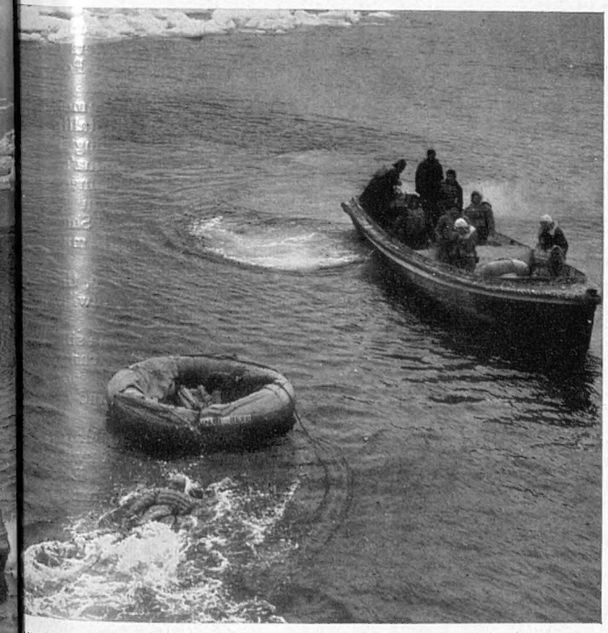
During the war the need arose regularly and often for naval operations in Arctic waters, for so long as it was likely that German warships would escape into the Atlantic, the Denmark Strait between Iceland and Greenland had to be patrolled continuously. One such patrol detected the *Bismarck*'s sortie in 1941. During those war years there was no opportunity for detailed observation and experiment; it is just not in the nature of active service, and the special equipment with which wartime patrols were provided to meet cold-weather conditions had to be largely improvised. With a view to obtaining the best possible equipment for cold-weather warfare, the aircraft-carrier *Vengeance* recently went north with two destroyers, a frigate and a submarine, together with an oiler, that indispensable auxiliary without which the ships could not remain at sea for long. Last week the *Vengeance* and her experimental squadron returned from the arduous Arctic cruise, and Captain Terry, of the *Vengeance*, was able to report a 95-per-cent. successful trip. The only disappointing feature was that gales and snowstorms made flying impossible on many days, and there was often a steady windspeed of 70 m.p.h. Tactically the trial proved that extreme cold within the Arctic Circle does not itself preclude the possibilities of naval warfare there, but it does impose a limitation on the movement of aircraft-carriers. This was shown clearly enough when the *Vengeance* was holed when nosing her way through a field of pack-ice. The cold proved no bar to the efficient working of armament and machinery. The medical officers stated that the general health of the men was excellent. (See pages 414-15 for pictures of H.M.S. *Sparrow* in the Antarctic ice.)

THE "VENGEANCE" VIEWED FROM THE HELICOPTER WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE ARCTIC NAVAL FORCE: The carrier is seen at anchor during a period of comparatively mild weather conditions. There were times on the cruise when the weather was too mild for the purpose of the exercises, and the carrier had to go in search of much sterner conditions

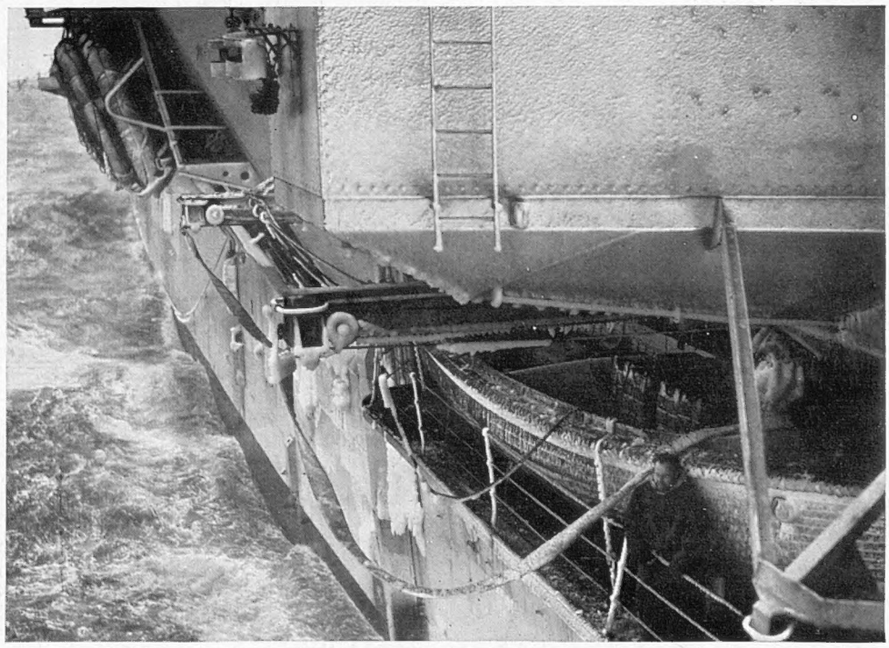


"THE HELICOPTER WAS WIZARD": This was the verdict of Captain John Terry, R.N., capta the aircraft-carrier "Vengeance." The helicopter is seen hovering above the Arctic seas. ship's motor cutter was standing by below, just in case anything happened to the helico but the aircraft behaved perfectly. The crew was also testing the cutter's petrol e

HE "VE GEANCE" MEETS WITH A MISHAP AS SHE DELIBERATELY PLOUGHS HER WAY THROUGH THE ARCTIC PACK-ICE OFF GREENLAND: The ship's initial impact with the ice brought no ill-results, but when she entered a second field a hole 10 ins. by 6 ins. was made in her stem and on the waterline. Within ten minutes 250 tons of water flooded the forecastle tank. A tank in the stern was then deliberately flooded to raise the ship by the bows while the diffi lt task of repairing the breach was carried out in sub-zero temperatures. The covering of the aperture with a canvas collision mat and the construction of a welded metal box about 8 ft. by 4 ft. over the hole inside the ship was completed within twenty-four hours, engineers having worked through the nigh . "Vengeance" was steered deliberately into the pack-ice to see how she would stand up to such conditions. Some of the ice-packs were 40 ft. across



WIMMING THROUGH AN ICY SEA TOWARDS A WAITING DINGHY: Surgeon-Lieut.-Commander Lee Boyd Martin, of the Royal Naval Medical School, wearing a specially insulated suit during experiments with sea-rescue equipment. Two other officers, one of whom is seen in the dinghy, took part in the 30-yard swim in an air temperature of 20 deg. of frost



"VENGEANCE" TRACKS DOWN THE REAL ARCTIC WEATHER: The carrier steaming through the waters of the far north after she had at last got free of the warm conditions which prevailed off the Icelandic coast. The cold proved no bar whatsoever to the efficient working of the ship, and it had no ill-effects on radio and radar transmission and reception

ON THE "GOLD-RUN" IN THE MIDDLE SEA

An Unobtrusive Fleet and its Highly Commercial Activities

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWO fleets lately mobilised in the Mediterranean. One, British, was concerned in a mock attack on Gibraltar Strait. The other, American, showed the flag in Ionian, Ægean and Asia Minor waters. A third fleet showed as little as possible, yet may well have been as present in the minds of dwellers round the Middle Sea as either of the world's naval constables.

But a short while ago, part of this third fleet had to run the gauntlet of the Royal Navy. That ceased when Britain dissociated herself from the last vestiges of the Palestine Mandate. As the U.S. Navy took care to remain outside any traffics arising from the latter, and remains aloof to-day, the fleet that likes to sail unobtrusively is profiting by a more gainful freedom than it has yet known.

Only the coastguards and the Customs, and a sprinkling of Customs patrol craft, are bent on interfering with its activities, not always wholeheartedly at that.

The unobtrusive fleet is a maritime child of the times. I suppose it was partly wafted into being by Mediterranean mutations, by the twilight of French, Italian and Spanish naval presence; at any rate, its *raison d'être* is to remedy shortages, to supply goods and services of almost any kind.

It caters for the gun-hungry ashore, and for the dope-hungry too. Ship's companies are drawn from many latitudes, and such as aren't moved outright by lawlessness, avail themselves of the divers loopholes attendant on a grossly over-regulated age. We observe anti-social mariners who waive the rules.

In a way the masters might be likened to Sea Spivs (Class I). Many of the crews are akin, for certain, to the small fry who pile lorries and trucks on land. Yet, in regard to the masters . . . they are not really the spivs of this game. That label rests more aptly on the fellow who sits on shore, directing operations, and who sometimes has to part with thousands of pounds for the good of his skin, in order to get crews, however small, out of gaol.

Vessels pressed into service would make a motley armada indeed, if ever mustered for an all-lit-up review, for they range from converted M.T.B.s (Diesel, 22 knots) and "luxury" yachts, from small freighters, likely schooners and slick launches, to fishing-smacks, tramps with dry-rot, and any old hulk that will float. Big profits come from the operation of ships bought at scrap rates. All swell the fleet that bars no cargo, or practically none.

Where crews are not working for themselves, all that has to be done is to make a job worth their while. This includes the taking out of inordinate insurances in their favour. Risks are not as great as when vessels were liable to be chased from day to day by warships, but the less seaworthy craft are no match for sudden storms, such as the Mediterranean specialises in, while they may be fired on from Customs patrol launches.

Or voyages may terminate with arrest, prosecution and imprisonment. On such occasions masters risk confiscation of their vessels, and crews, the loss of their rake-off on cargoes carried.

Maritime safeguards such as ownership, national emblem, and port of registration are surmounted by camouflage, subterfuge and avoiding action. By the last is meant that many vessels engaged in the overall traffic never see their ports of registration. There is something of the phantom about quite a lot of them.

The brightest corner of this traffic has still, surprisingly, to do with shipping war material from Eastern Mediterranean ports to Palestine. Hostilities may have all but petered out, nominally the war may be over, but foreign shipowners are still making big profits on what has come to be known as the "Gold-run." The Israelis are evidently hastening to establish permanent forces, and at present the surest way of arming them continues to be from Czechoslovakian sources.

It is estimated that upwards of 100 vessels, from small freighters to schooners, are regularly on the "Gold-run," with Italians and Greeks predominating among the crews. Some of the ships sail from the Gulf of Genoa, others from lower down, towards the "toe," maybe from Adriatic ports. Still others, with cargoes arranged by the New World, touch at Tangier for purposes of settlement. Tangier is a great place for settlements.

Arms and migrants apart, Israel should be good for contraband shipments for an indefinite period There is going to be hard living there, while industrialisation is pitchforked alongside an intensified agriculture and a rigorous taxation of luxury goods has already been imposed. But Jews are exceptionally fond of fat living, so, as money gifts continue to flow from the outside world, chiefly the U.S., there is expected to be a rising demand for so-called luxuries, either prohibitively taxed, or banned altogether as imports.

Israel wants to import almost everything, and quickly, cheaply. Well, the "Gold-run" can be most accommodating. Recall the case of that leather factory which was taken down in the British Zone of Germany and shipped to Palestine piecemeal, marked "household goods."

If the Arabs are now less interested in sailings of the unobtrusive fleet, another partially fills their places: Tito. Feeling himself more and more beleaguered, "the Trotskyist Marshal" looks across the Adriatic for necessities he cannot otherwise come by. Last year it was mainly a case of grain, olive oil and cattle being smuggled to isolated points on Italy's Adriatic coast for shipment to Yugoslavia. Now the traffic is no longer confined to foodstuffs and may hail from much farther off.

Unloading is easy along the Dalmatian coast, even at Pola, and stranger things could happen than delivery of quality warplanes, in parts. Tangier undertook as much, for the benefit of the Israelis.

A small limb of the "Gold-run" branches into Albanian harbours to meet urgent requirements of the Greek rebels. Stalinist sources in Italy and Southern France may forward this traffic.

Cargoes differ greatly according to destination. Athenians who adore luxuriating, have no use for the grimmer forms of contraband. In any case, the Americans are seeing to that angle. So Athens relies in part on spiv-ships quietly navigating the Isles of Greece for fine goods and commodities which grace or stimulate its high living.

Cairo is a second capital that prefers more worldly "merchandise" than former consignments of war material. Port Said is always a likely spot for unloading. Conversely, drug consignments will leave Egypt for the European mainland, perhaps in barter payment for goods already run through, or promised.

Some masters stick to a specific form of contraband—say, raw materials, or machine parts, or foodstuffs, or valuables, or silks and embroideries, or spirits and tobacco. More turn to mixing their "merchandise" as they get deeper in the game.

A master will carry the queerest assortment: stateless refugees and Nazis decamping with unfrozen war profits (South America bent), cases of opium, currency and gold (Mexican 50-peso gold coins are worth seven times their face value, the very thing for financing fifth columns), a crate of loot or treasure "on the run," the latest Paris models, maybe some human ones.

Merely to show to what lengths this whole business is going, thanks in part to myopic nannying by dehumanised political economists masquerading as statesmen, a gang has been caught in Bizonia with accumulated false authorisations capable of bringing in 7,000,000 lb. of coffee, fats, butter, rice, sugar, chocolate, powdered milk and eggs, and sufficient cloth to cover five acres of ground. False authorisations facilitate the "Gold-run."

So do false sides and bottoms. Intrigued by the number of smart little motor-yachts and launches sailing along the coast, when they are usually Mistral-bound at this time of year, Marseilles Sûreté men boarded one in the Old Port—and found a tiny cargo of spirits, perfumes, cigars and cigarettes tucked away. These craft put into Riviera coves by night. Marseilles is also a clearing-house for dope (they were discussing five local "*barons de la drogue*" not long ago).

The less sturdy craft on the "Gold-run" out of Marseilles have now to watch out for hi-jackers. Three hours out, a small Italian freighter carrying 2½ tons of American cigarettes to Tangier, was stopped by a very fast launch and boarded by what looked like five Customs officers. Next thing they knew, the crew of as many Italians had been battened below, and when they managed to free themselves, it was to find that the entire cargo, valued at £10,000, had been hi-jacked.

But the queerest part of this tale appertains to the Panamanian Mercantile Marine, to the 500 ships totalling 2,000,000 tons, which sail under this American flag. (Red and blue quarters on white background. Red and blue stars. Post-war wonder of the shipping world.)

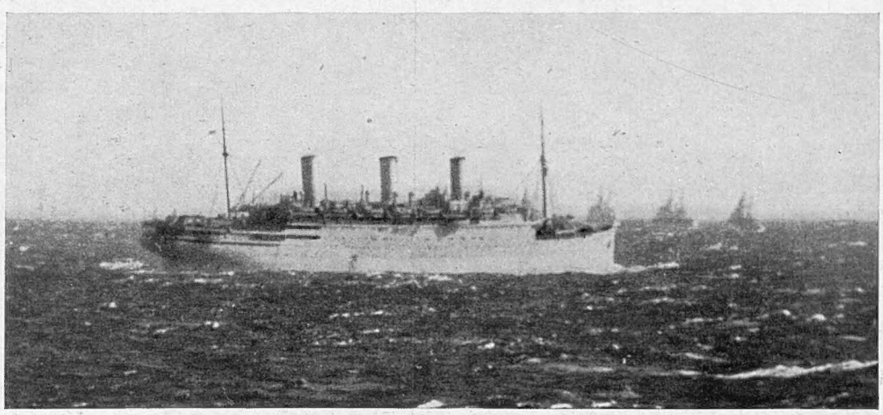
In 1939 Panama ranked fourteenth among maritime nations, with 159 ships totalling 700,000 tons—a fleet handsomely serving no more than 600,000 people. To-day Panama's is the fourth merchant fleet of the world! Someone in, or familiar with, this tiny State in the American wasp waist must have said: "Shake a limb there, me hearties, there's gold, much gold in the Middle Sea."

Panama made its debut in a small way, then rode to town with the refugee ships crawling, packed with Jews, to Palestine.

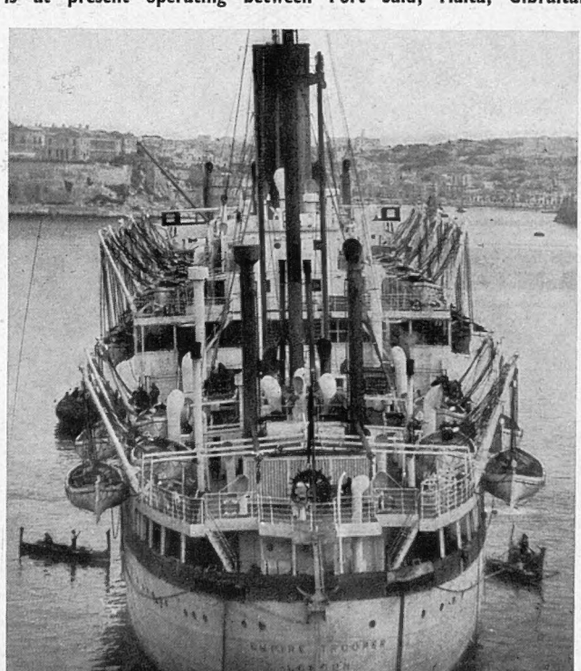
The rest was easy. Most of the Panama ships rarely see their port of registration. It can all be done by a Panamanian lawyer by post. Registration is cheap—10 cents a ton, and can be made in yearly instalments.

Latest additions to the Panama Merchant Marine are two ocean liners: the former American-owned *Italia* (21,000 tons) and *Atlantic* (17,000 tons). Each will sail between New York and Mediterranean ports.

Meanwhile, the International Transport Workers' Federation has called renewed attention to the fact that vessels may go to sea in any sort of shape and competence under the flag of Panama, and so may be a danger to navigation. I am less impressed by the Seafarers' Conference, which argued at Geneva that Panama, having no seafarers' union, "can jeopardise the international position of all seamen." One can stand a little refreshing buccaneer-breeze from the past amid all the present-day mediocre uniformity.



THE "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA" ON HER RECENT PASSAGE THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN: The veteran liner steaming in heavy seas off Malta. In the background are units of the Mediterranean Fleet which were on their way to Gibraltar to join the Home Fleet and to take part in combined exercises. The "Empress of Australia" is still engaged as a troopship. She is at present operating between Port Said, Malta, Gibraltar and Liverpool



THE "EMPIRE TROOPER": The British troopship at anchor in Grand Harbour, Malta. She had on board British troops bound for duty in Cyrenaica, where they would relieve men who are now due for demobilisation

THE ASSAULT GOES IN—SOME OF THE 13,000 UNITED STATES MARINES AND SOLDIERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE LARGEST AMERICAN AMPHIBIOUS EXERCISES SINCE THE CLOSE OF THE WAR, SEEN AS THEY LANDED ON ONE OF THE SOUTHERN BEACHES OF VIEQUES ISLAND, IN THE CARIBBEAN, UNDER GUN-FIRE OF UNITS OF THE FLEET: The first landings, from amphibious tractors and a new type of landing ship, were made on two beaches two miles apart, the attacks taking place simultaneously and exactly to time. By the afternoon 6,000 men, hundreds of vehicles and several hundred tons of supplies had been put ashore. A hot Caribbean sun flamed down on the assault

STORMING VIEQUES ISLAND

American Troops Stage a Spectacular Amphibious Exercise in the Caribbean

When the United States Marines and units of the United States and Canadian Armies landed on the south coast of Vieques, a sun-baked island just east of Puerto Rico, they brought to a climax a week of spectacular manœuvres in the Caribbean designed essentially to show in what measure the danger of atom-bomb attack affects the conduct of vast amphibious operations on the D-Day scale, and to what extent the submarine equipped with under-water breathing apparatus can menace the soft-skinned landing-craft of an invasion fleet.

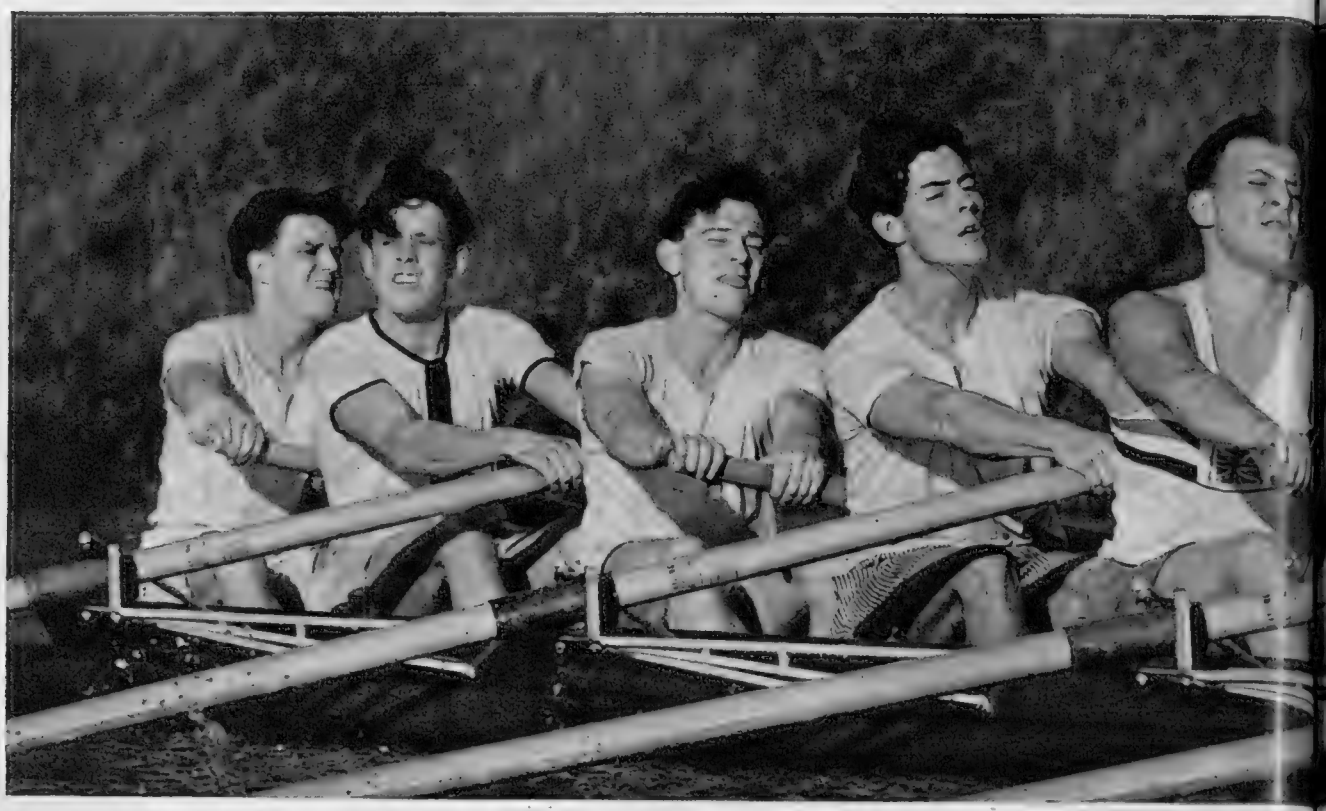
The atom-bomb attack was delivered after the beach-heads on Vieques had already been won, and its purpose was to wreck vessels protecting and supplying those beach-heads, thus leaving the force that had fought its way ashore in a temporary state of isolation. As the bomber laden with its atom bomb came in towards the target, Navy Phantom jets and Marine Corsairs, warned of its approach by radar, attacked the oncoming bomber at such a distance from the target that the umpire ruled that the bomber had been put out of action. Admiral W. H. P. Blandy, commanding the American Atlantic Fleet, who supervised the landings, made it quite plain, however, that despite this success the atomic bomb was bound to affect any future amphibious operations, but he emphasised at the same time that one atomic bomb alone could not knock out an invasion

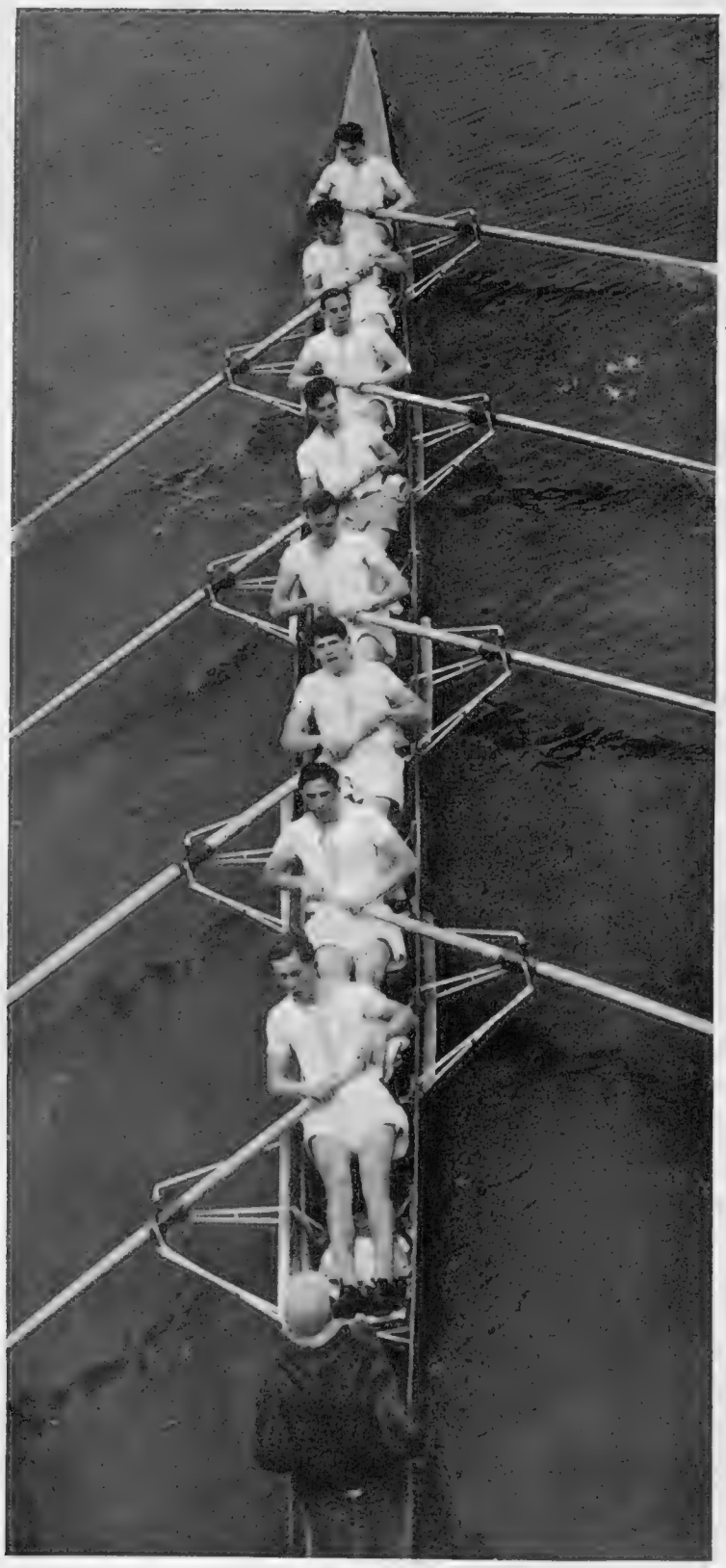
THE FIRST WAVE OF MARINES GOING ASHORE ON PALM-FRINGED VIEQUES ISLAND: They were opposed by a token force of 450 officers and men, simulating a force of 5,000. The Marines, who were aided by 4,000 troops of the United States Army and three Canadian Army platoons, fought their way over the island's dusty hills, not only combating the token force sent against them, but the brush fires which started on the first night after the landing. Vieques Island lies between the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. It is twenty miles long and ten miles broad, and has a population of just under 11,000. Vieques is a satellite of Puerto Rico

THE GAPING JAWS OF THE LANDING-CRAFT: No. 551 and No. 391 about to unload their cargo of vehicles on reaching the shores of Vieques in the wake of the first wave of Marines which went in to capture and consolidate the bridgehead

ONE OF THE HEAVY TANKS ACCOMPANYING THE ASSAULT: A scene on one of the two beaches of Vieques, where the landings were carried out simultaneously. The landings were the climax of a night of naval manœuvring

THE BOAT RACE CREWS ON THE TIDEWAY AT PUTNEY





THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE CREW IN ACTION: A study in united concentration achieved by the long-focus camera during a training spin by the Light Blues. The key to the Cambridge Boat Race problem this year would seem to lie with the Olympic trio, E. A. P. Bircher, of Radley and Christ's, the President, who is seen rowing at No. 5; P. M. O. Massey, of Oundle and Lady Margaret, who is at No. 6; and C. B. M. Lloyd, of Shore School, New South Wales, and Lady Margaret, who is at No. 3. The three of them, truly welded together, should form a really formidable combination in next week's race. The crew in this picture are reading from bow to cox—G. S. S. Ludford (Latymer School and Jesus) (bow); A. L. Macleod (Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret); C. B. M. Lloyd (Shore School, N.S.W., and Lady Margaret); J. R. La T. Corrie (Winchester and Trinity); E. A. P. Bircher (Radley and Christ's); P. M. O. Massey (Oundle and Lady Margaret); D. V. Lynch Odhams (Westminster and Jesus); D. M. Jennens (Oundle and Clare) (stroke); T. R. Aston (Monckton Combe and Christ's) (cox).

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW BRING OUT THEIR BOAT FOR AN OUTING ON THE TIDEWAY: With their cox, T. R. Aston, leading, they take the boat down to the water at Putney. Just behind Aston is D. M. Jennens, the Clare stroke whose brilliant rowing in light fours was noted last year. On the left is Lynch Odhams, the promising No. 7.

On left—**THE LIGHT BLUES SEEN FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE:** The Cambridge crew on one of their early outings on the tideway when they had their first experience of really lively water after their preliminary training on the Ouse. Critics on the tideway have declared that Cambridge are inclined to be unsteady, but they have not denied their potentialities as a really fast rowing crew

From 1940 to 1945 the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was rowed in some strange places, Henley, Radley and Ely being among the venues, but since 1946 it has been back on the old, familiar Putney to Mortlake course, the 4 miles, 1 furlong, and 180 yards that are the sternest test of rowing to be found. In 1946 Oxford won by three lengths, bringing their victories to forty-five, and in 1947 Cambridge won to make their total fifty-one. In 1948 they walked away with the race yet again, on this occasion in the record time of 17 mins. 50 secs.

This year two experienced crews will be in action on March 26, Cambridge with their Olympic trio, made up of Bircher, Massey and Lloyd, and Oxford with two Olympic oarsmen, one winner of the Ladies' Plate, and two of the Visitors'. At three, Leckie, who rowed in the Oxford University Boat Club's Olympic four, is magnificently well-controlled, and Clay and Davidge, two Old Etonians, are an excellent combination in the stern. Davidge seems to have that great attribute in a stroke of being able to set himself a plan and stick to it. One critic has written of the Oxford crew: "They look as if they mean every stroke to be a winner."

Cambridge have shown themselves more backward than Oxford in the early stages of training, and this has rendered any comparisons, even if they are desirable, both difficult and dangerous. The unexpected call-up of I. M. Lang, the Cambridge President, for national service was a big blow at the start of training. Although sometimes inconsistent, Lang is a powerful oar and Cambridge will certainly miss him next week. Bircher, the Olympic oar, has taken Lang's place as President.

OXFORD IN ACTION—TWO IMPRESSIONS OF THE DARK BLUES, WHO DID THEIR PRELIMINARY TRAINING AT HENLEY AND CAME ON THE TIDEWAY IN THE SECOND WEEK OF MARCH: Once on the tideway, their Old Blue, H. R. A. Edwards, took over the coaching, and it has been his task to bring them up to racing pitch

OXFORD WELL TOGETHER ON THE PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE COURSE: With Davidge, of Eton and Trinity, once again back at stroke the crew have shown flexibility and good control. During their preliminary training Oxford left the Isis, where the deplorable condition of some sections of the towing-path is a grave disadvantage, and accepted the hospitality of the Radley Club. In this preliminary period they covered more than 50 miles a week and early on in their training revealed they were fit and sure of themselves. This fast-improving crew include two Olympic oarsmen. The order of rowing in this picture was as follows: G. C. Fisk (Geelong and Oriel) (bow); A. J. M. Cavenagh (Winchester and Magdalen); W. J. H. Leckie (Edinburgh A. and Brasenose); R. L. Arundel (Marlborough and Merton); A. D. Rowe (Eton and Trinity); T. D. Raikes (Radley and Trinity); J. M. Clay (Eton and Magdalen); C. G. V. Davidge (Eton and Trinity) (stroke); A. Palgrave Brown (Shrewsbury and Queen's) (cox)

1. WHERE NORWAY AND RUSSIA MEET: An ice-breaker tying-up at Kirkenes after breaking a passage through the Varanger Fiord from the Arctic

2. MONKS OF THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH IN NEW YORK: They were on board the "Marine Shark," which had a total of 549 European refugees

3. TOUGH GOING FOR PALERMO DRIVERS: Private cars and lorries struggling through the streets of Sicily's snow-bound seaport city

1. KIRKENES, NORWAY'S FAR NORTHERN OUTPOST: Every year the Varanger Fiord, linking Kirkenes with the Arctic Ocean, has to be broken by an ice-breaker. If Norway and Russia should ever come to grips, Kirkenes would be instantly involved, lying as it does only four miles from the Russian border. The population of 3,000 suffered 800 bombings by Russian squadrons during the war, and when the German occupying force retreated they were subjected to the usual scorched-earth tactics. The population of Kirkenes is largely dependent upon the iron-ore mines, but it is not expected that these will be producing again until 1952. A recent *New York Times* report from Kirkenes indicated that Communist activity is rife in the border town, and that Communists are urging their fellow-workers to join the Party before "it is too late."

2. NEW YORK RECEIVES THE REFUGEE SHIP: The six monks of the Russian Orthodox Church who arrived in the *Marine Shark*—the twelfth vessel to enter the United States under the Displaced Persons Act of 1948—brought with them stories of suffering and persecution in Europe. The monks, who are going to live at Holy Trinity Monastery at Jordanville, New York State, were met by Pastor Peshkoff, of the South Third Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn. They described through an interpreter their life in displaced persons' camps and in a monastery near Munich, where they had been held for three-and-a-half years. They had been forced to flee from Russia in company with the German Army in the days of the German retreat.

3. SNOW IN MEDITERRANEAN LANDS: The weather has been unusually severe throughout Southern France and Southern Italy. Snow in the streets of Palermo is a rare occurrence indeed. On the Italian mainland, in Apulia, 3 ft. of snow was reported on March 6, and roads were blocked and trains delayed. On the orange and lemon trees of Sicily the snow lay thick, and there were 8 degrees of frost in Catania. At Nice, Toulon, and Marseilles, on the south coast of France, conditions were very much the same.

4. A HOLIDAY AT TEMPELHOF: Heavy snowfall, accompanied by a wind that on occasion reached hurricane force, interrupted the air-lift a few days before Mr. Attlee's visit to Berlin. Nine American Skymasters had to be diverted to Orly Airport, in Paris, the German air-lift bases being closed. On March 4 Mr. Attlee visited Berlin, and after inspecting the air-lift in action described it as "one of the wonders of the world." He visited both the Tempelhof Airfield, in the American Sector, and Gatow, in the British Sector. Of the two airports, Gatow handles the greater weight of traffic

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

A Pictorial Record of World Events

5. STORM AND FLOOD IN THE UNITED STATES: Fast-melting snow in Iowa has caused the flooding

HELD AS A SPY BY THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION: Miss Judith Coplon, a woman analyst in the internal security section of the Department of Justice, Washington, who has been arrested on charges of having trafficked in secret information relating to U.S. defence. Miss Coplon was at one time in America's economic warfare division

4. THE WEATHER HALTS THE BERLIN AIR-LIFT: The Tempelhof Airfield in the American Sector of Berlin, when gales and snow held up Allied aircraft for 24 hours

5. AN IOWA FARM BECOMES AN ISLAND: This is what happened when the Nishnabotna River swamped low-lying ground

6. **THE CIVIL WAR IN SIAM:** Siamese marines manning a barricade in Bangkok during the week-end battle between rival military factions

7. **MARINES ON A BANGKOK STREET CORNER:** Waiting to deal with rival army forces during the rising. Many civilians were caught in the cross-fire

of the Nishnabotna River and the isolation of vast farm areas. The flood emergency comes at the end of America's hard winter, in the course of which tens of thousands of cattle in the Middle Western States have died during unprecedented snows. The main flood areas are Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri, all States with tributaries feeding the Missouri and Mississippi systems. Last week the situation was easing, but 162,000 acres were still inundated. There were ice blocks in many rivers.

6 and 7. SIAM'S WEEK-END REVOLUTION: Why fighting between Siamese naval and Army forces broke out in Bangkok at the end of February no one quite knew at the time, but armoured vehicles manned by soldiers and anti-tank guns manned by marines fought a series of minor battles, and it appears that civilians were big sufferers, having no warning of the clash. It later transpired that the firing began when a misunderstanding arose between Army and Navy posts after a subversive group, disguised as soldiers, seized the Royal Palace, the University of Moral and Political Sciences, and a temple. They also interrupted a wireless programme to state that Marshal Pibul's Government had been overthrown. The Prime Minister of Siam and several commanders of the Army and Navy succeeded in stopping the fighting after a week-end of chaos. When the soldiers and sailors had been recalled to discipline by their superior officers, the true conspirators, who had attempted to exploit naval and military rivalry, were rounded-up. The conspirators, it appears, were members of the Popular Party, which contains Communist elements. Marshal Pibul now consolidates his strong rule in a country which, fearing disorder more than it dislikes dictatorship, has not really settled down since the close of the Japanese occupation.

8 and 9. NEWS FROM INDIA: Since the close of the Kashmir and Hyderabad battles, India has entered upon a period of intense political activity, and more and more she begins to take the lead in Eastern affairs. The Commonwealth Conference in New Delhi, in which representatives from the United Kingdom, India, Australia and Ceylon met to discuss the civil war in Burma, provided further evidence of this new leadership. The conference resulted in a mediation offer being sent to Thakin Nu, the Burmese Prime Minister. Mr. Nehru's Deputy, Mr. Patel, recently paid an official visit to Hyderabad in connection with the establishment of the Hyderabad State Congress. Conditions in the Nizam's territory have now become normal, and the task of welding Hyderabad to the Indian Dominion goes ahead rapidly.

8. **INDIA'S DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER IN HYDERABAD:** Major-General Chowdry, Military Governor of Hyderabad; Mr. Patel, the Deputy Premier; the Nizam of Hyderabad; and Mr. Patel's Secretary. The visit was in connection with re-establishment of the Hyderabad State Congress

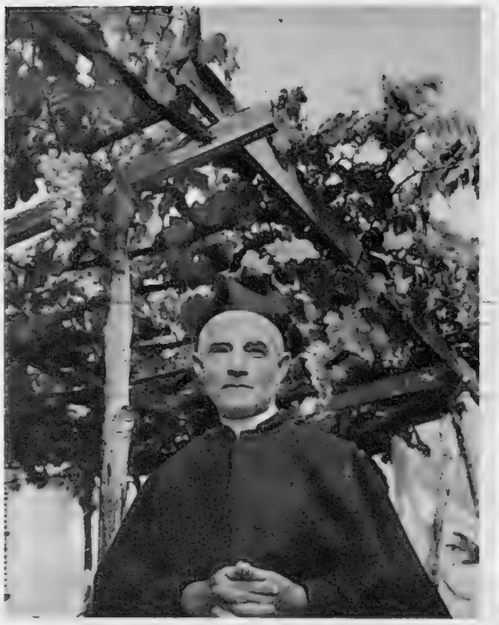
DEFENDANT IN THE MUNICH SPY TRIAL: Certie Doerre, one of the German women accused of spying on American troops and now on trial in Bavaria. Her information about the Western Zones of Germany is said to have been passed on to Czech Intelligence headquarters in Prague. Three women are indicted on major charges at Munich

10 and 11. DEVELOPMENTS IN CHINA: Dr. Sun Fo, who took the drastic step of withdrawing the Chinese Nationalist administration from Nanking to Canton, returned to Nanking to report at the end of February, but within a week he had resigned his office, leaving a complete state of unreality in both Nanking and Canton, where the political situation has continued to drift. Throughout Nationalist China there appears to be no leadership, but it is known that General Chiang Kai-shek has continued steadily to interfere in affairs from his so-called retreat at Fengwha. Often his orders and directives to harassed Ministers are of a sweepingly impractical nature. Recently a destroyer has been standing by at Ningpo ready to take the General to Amoy, where a house, guarded by 8,000 picked troops, has been prepared for him. In Shanghai the position has also deteriorated steadily, with refugees creating a vast problem for Western volunteer organisations now at work there. The release of about 2,000 prisoners from the gaols has in no way made the maintenance of law and order any easier in the city.

9. **THE NEW DELHI TALKS ON BURMA:** Mr. H. R. Gollan (Australian High Commissioner), Dr. Evatt (Australian Minister for External Affairs), Pandit Nehru (the Indian Prime Minister), and Sir Girja Shanker Bajpai (Secretary-General for External Affairs, Indian Government)

10. **DR. SUN FO PAYS A VISIT TO NANKING:** The Chinese Prime Minister, who has since resigned, with Tong Kwei Yen, President of the Legislative Yuan, and bearded Yu Yu Jen, President of the Control Yuan. Dr. Sun Fo flew from Canton in the Presidential plane to discuss the peace talks

11. **THE MASS RELEASE OF CHINESE CONVICTS:** Some of the 2,000 gaol-birds who were set free in Shanghai because there was insufficient food for them



FATHER OFFREDO, WHO HAS SPENT FIFTY YEARS IN THE FRENCH WEST INDIES: Most of his travel is done on foot and he journeys between the islands of the Guadeloupe Dependencies in fishing-boats. In his vast parish are the Saintes, the island group lying between French Guadeloupe and British Dominica

A WOMAN OF THE FRENCH WEST INDIES AND HER BLOND SON: These lost colonists are the white descendants of the Normans and Bretons who went out to the West Indies some 300 years ago

THREE CENTURIES AND THOUSANDS OF MILES SEPARATE HER FROM THE VINEYARDS OF FRANCE: This French girl of the Saintes, in the heart of the negro West Indies, has an air of Gallic charm

THE "LOST" COLONISTS of the SAINTES

A Strange Community of the Guadeloupe Dependencies in the French West Indies

The West Indies, that long chain of volcanic crests of a submarine mountain-range, divide the Atlantic Ocean from the enormous lagoon of the Caribbean like a palisade, and between two of the larger islands of the Lesser Antilles—British Dominica and French Guadeloupe—lies the odd little galaxy of islands called the Saintes. Like the neighbouring, turtle-shaped island of Marie-Galante and the leper-colony of la Désirade, they are satellites of Guadeloupe, and thus of France. Dominica, now a friendly British neighbour, lies invisible to the south.

The name of this minute archipelago—for the largest of the islands is only half-a-dozen miles long—is famous in English history, for it was here that Lord Rodney, and his equally splendid subordinate Lord Hood, utterly defeated in 1783 the French Fleet under the Comte de Grasse, in a victory that must rank with the Armada and the triumphs of Nelson. By this memorable action all the British West Indies—those Western Golcondas of eighteenth-century England—were saved from falling into the hands of the French. The entire French Fleet was either destroyed or captured, and by sunset the French admiral was a prisoner on board the victorious flagship, where he dined with Rodney. In these days of atomic and total warfare it is permissible and pleasant to imagine the two admirals sitting up late in Rodney's quarters, shifting the salt-cellars and decanters about the table as they recapitulated the events of the day. It is not difficult to recapture the lustre of the candles on their powdered hair and gold lace, the starlight on the islands and palm trees, the battered sailing-ships and the silent expanse of tropical sea.

But the islands have a more recent and much stronger claim on the traveller's attention, for they are the home of one of the most peculiar communities in the world, the lost white colonists, descendants of the original Norman and Breton colonists. For the inhabitants of the West Indies, except an infinitesimal class of administrators, planters and traders, are overwhelmingly black and mulatto. The whites are essentially a small privileged minority, and thus almost inevitably rich. Colour feeling is strong and intermarriage is very rare. (The mulattoes originated in the days of slavery, when the planters exercised an unofficial "*droit de seigneur*" among their attractive slaves from the Guinea Coast.) So there is something very anomalous about the presence of the lost colonists in the Saintes. Some of them live like the poorest negroes, eat the same rudimentary food and talk no language but the extraordinary Creole patois of the slaves, a curious lingo of French words and African grammar and syntax that is double-dutch to a Frenchman and sounds like a kind of nasal quacking. A little coloured blood has crept into this white community during the last generation, but, on the whole, they are completely white—many of them through an hereditary assertiveness of nature, so blond, pale-eyed and fair-skinned that they are almost albinos. Like their negro neighbours some of them go barefoot and practically in rags, and, as if to make their appearance still stranger, they wear huge flat Indo-Chinese hats of white cloth, stretched across a circular bamboo framework; a fashion that a wandering islander brought back from Tonkin or Annam.

What is their history? Little is known, except that they are said to be descendants of the French colonists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Normans, Bretons and Gascons, some of them sailors, others probably buccaneers who preyed on these lawless seas. Nobody knows at what point in their history they were reduced to their present humble station, to which they now seem irretrievably bound in the fetters of alcoholism, disease, inter-breeding and total illiteracy.

Walking down the only street of Terre de Haut, the island where they have mainly congregated, one sees pathetic stigmata of their plight. Syphilis has left its scars and elephantiasis is terribly frequent, inflating legs and feet to the size of a mammoth's limbs. Leprosy, too, is

(*Continued on right*)

A YOUNG SAINTOIS WITH A STRONG STRAIN OF AFRICAN BLOOD: He wears an Annamite hat, a fashion that was started in the Saintes Archipelago by a sailor from Tonkin

FRENCH POLITICS—DE GAULLE VERSUS THOREZ—PROVIDED THE AMMUNITION FOR THIS ALTERCATION: A political argument in progress among the poor whites of the Saintes, where such problems are debated with almost the same intensity as they are in Metropolitan Paris. During the days of the Vichy dictatorship, when Guadeloupe had a Vichy Governor, many of the young Saintois escaped to the neighbouring British island of Dominica to join the Free French Navy. The poor whites of the Saintes for the most part walk barefooted. The majority are illiterate, and their curious lingo is an amazing mixture of French and African words

THE FISHERMEN OF THE SAINTES: The sea that stretches between the Saintes, Guadeloupe, Marie Galante and Dominica teems with the fishing vessels of this race of sailors. They are built with timber felled in the islands and rigged with single enormous triangular sails. These are the waters where, in 1782, the British Fleet, under Lords Rodney and Hood, defeated the French Fleet under the Comte de Grasse, and saved Jamaica and all the West Indies from falling into French hands. The steamer in the background miraculously sailing out of the mountain side, is really a holiday house built by an eccentric resident of Guadeloupe

THE POOR WHITE COLONY AT TERRE DE HAUT: A few huts along the palm-fringed shore where the descendants of the Norman and Breton colonists now congregate together in a life of grim poverty. Degeneracy and inter-breeding are plainly to be seen among the poor whites. The inhabitants of Terre de Haut seem to be hovering on the brink of extinction or of absorption with the blacks

THE CARIBBEAN SKY CLOUDS OVER IN A FEW MOMENTS: The rain follows with incredible violence. Doors and windows of the wooden shacks of Terre de Haut slam shut, and the streets of the little colony turn to a river of mud. Five minutes later the sun breaks through, and before very long all is dry, dusty and parched once again

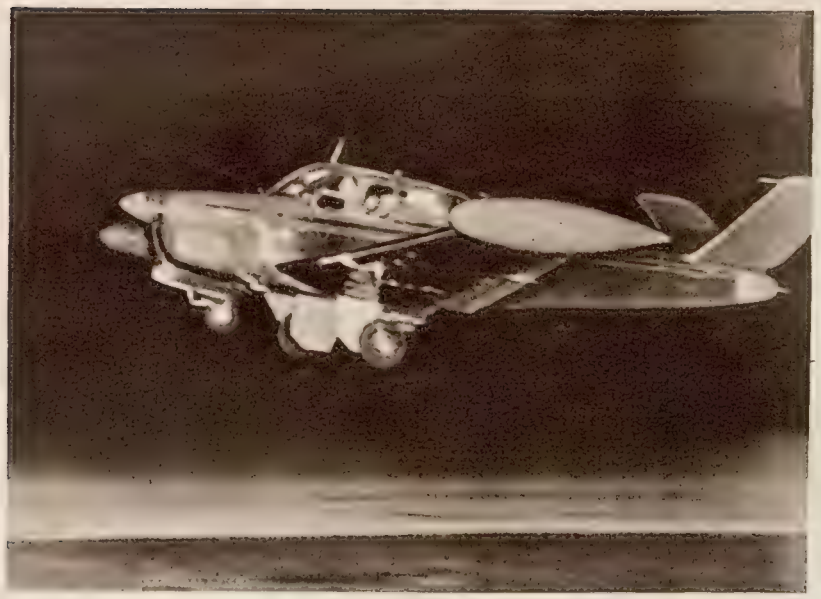
prevalent, but means have been discovered to render it non-infectious, so that its subjects can escape the sentence of life-long banishment in the Désirade. But its ravages are plainly visible.

And yet, in spite of all this, there is somehow something very attractive about these peculiar islanders. Like their Breton ancestors, they are skilled fishermen, boat-builders and sailors to a man, and the waters between the Saintes and Guadeloupe are white with the sails of their little fishing-boats, with their long, oriental-looking sails lashed to their bamboo masts and booms in a way known as the Saintois rig. Their little wooden houses are a jungle of lobster-pots, anchors, nets, religious oleographs and stuffed crocodiles. Stuffed and varnished turtles, upright on their flippers, seem about to take a last posthumous plunge. Fishing and occasional smuggling supply them with an easy livelihood, and sufficient tobacco and rum are the limits of their ambition. A very attractive feature about them is their complete obliviousness to the miserable scourges that afflict them. They are filled with the opposite of self-pity and high spirits are one of their most noticeable traits. If they are drunkards, they are at least cheerful ones, and the little quayside café echoes with laughter and talk and with very funny, extremely indecent songs in the Creole patois.

During the war many of them fled the island to join De Gaulle's navy. Others were imprisoned by the Vichy regime in the huge Napoleonic fort that scowls on an arid, cactus-covered hillside. Beyond the wooden church and the house of the cheerful little Breton priest from Finisterre (whose biretta-ed head is just visible among his flowers and vines) a pathway runs into the hills. This lane grows more European at every step, leading through elder trees to a small overgrown cemetery that might belong to any French fishing village. One has to look northward to the volcanic cone of La Souffriere on nearby Guadeloupe to remember one is in the tropics.

IN A TRIM LITTLE CAFÉ OF PAINTED TIMBER TWO GENDARMES SIT OVER THEIR ELEVEN O'CLOCK GLASS OF RUM AND, AS EVER, THE TALK IS OF HOME: In the evenings and at holiday times the room rings with laughter, and songs in the curious Creole patois enliven the smoke-filled air. Many of the white colonists who come into this café have the bronzed features and the salty blue eyes of the sailors of Honfleur or Brest or Morbihan from whom they are descended

A HOTEL IN THE GUADELOUPE DEPENDENCIES: There three meals a day cost about 4s., breakfast being 10d. The stuffed turtles on the table are an advertisement for the cuisine. The white colonists are first-class cooks, with all the pride in good cooking that belongs to their race



CAPTAIN BILL ODOM SETS UP A RECORD FOR NON-STOP FLYING IN A ONE-ENGINED PLANE: Captain Odom's "Beachcraft Bonanza Waikiki Beach" is seen (*left*) as it took off from Honolulu, and (*right*) as it crossed the Californian coast south of the Golden Gate with half the trip completed. Odom flew the 4,999 miles from Honolulu to New Jersey in 36 hrs. 1 min. He was aided in the Pacific section with 8-m.p.h. tail-winds. He met severe storms over the Rockies

Captain Bill Odom, who was forced to turn back to Oakland, California, owing to depletion of petrol supplies brought about by head winds on his attempt last January to fly from Honolulu to New Jersey, proved successful on the second attempt, and last week landed at Teterboro Airport, New Jersey, 36 hrs. 1 min. after leaving Honolulu. His light plane *Waikiki Beach* had on its take-off 288 gallons of chilled petrol, twenty-eight more gallons than on the first try. Additional fuel capacity was gained by enlarging the wing-tip fuel tanks, which left barely enough room for the pilot. The petrol was chilled before being run into the tanks in order to concentrate it.

BEECHCRAFT BONANZA AND GYRODYNE

America's Record-Breaking Light Plane, and Britain's High-Speed Helicopter

The gyrodyne, product of the Fairey Aviation Company, is something new in helicopters, and can be adapted for flight as an autogiro. The gyrodyne made its first airborne hop in December 1947, and since then the steady development of the prototype has been fully up to expectations. Last year it set up an international speed record for rotating-wing aircraft, and last week at White Waltham showed its many airworthy characteristics in the presence of important witnesses. The gyrodyne embodies entirely new and different controls from any other helicopter, and last year the test pilot, Squadron-Leader Arkell, made it his task to compile a piloting manual for this unorthodox machine. The gyrodyne has an airscrew fitted to a stub wing on the starboard side. This provides most of the forward propulsion, the main rotor being used primarily to sustain the machine in the air. Because of this unique feature the rotor is virtually in auto-rotative pitch—an important safety factor in the event of engine failure. Another advantage of this feature is that it does away with the collective pitch control, and thus it makes flying the gyrodyne less difficult for those who have had experience only of normal fixed-wing aircraft. The high forward speed of the gyrodyne overcomes what has hitherto been a barrier against the use of helicopters for short-haul, scheduled services.

COMBINING THE FEATURES OF THE HELICOPTER AND THE AUTOGIRO: The Fairey Gyrodyne, an unconventional rotor type of aircraft. In the gyrodyne the usual anti-torque airscrew is replaced by an offset tractor airscrew (on left) which not only takes the place of the former, but makes it possible for the aircraft to be flown as a gyroplane

THE GYRODYNE SHOWS ITS PACES, MAKING A TEST FLIGHT FROM WHITE WALTHAM AIRFIELD, NEAR MAIDENHEAD: Its high cruising speed of 115 to 120 m.p.h. makes it suitable for inter-city flying and general air-charter work. This unconventional machine is comfortable, quiet and noticeably free from vibration. Its hovering characteristics are excellent. Mr. C. H. Torrens, Acting High Commissioner for South Africa, and Mr. Eric Smith, Under-Secretary, Posts and Telegraphs, made a flight in the gyrodyne from White Waltham, and both were enthusiastic about its possibilities for a variety of duties in South Africa

THE XHJP—1, THE FIRST HELICOPTER DESIGNED ESSENTIALLY FOR NAVAL FLYING : The machine is seen carrying a litter patient in a basket suspended on a cable during tests at the Naval Air Test Centre in Patuxent, Maryland. The helicopter will carry five passengers or three litter patients, in addition to the pilot and co-pilot. It is designed for use on aircraft-carriers to pick up pilots who have to "ditch," and on cruisers to replace catapult planes for ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore passenger and cargo-carrying. In a recent test at Morton, Pennsylvania, the helicopter successfully looped the loop, this being the first recorded occasion on which the feat has been achieved by a rotating-wing aircraft. It appears that the test pilot was attempting to dive at high speed when he applied the controls, bringing the helicopter into a vertical position, nose up. The veteran pilot, Jim Ryan, made the quick decision that to recover he must continue on through a loop. In full view of dozens of watchers the machine performed the feat to perfection

THE HELICOPTER which LOOPED THE LOOP

THE SPACIOUS CABIN OF THE PIASECKI TANDEM-ROTORED HELICOPTER : Looking forward along the fuselage which has carried as many as eight passengers, in addition to a crew of two, during trials

TEMPORARY SEATING ACCOMMODATION IN THE HELICOPTER : This can be speedily removed when litter patients are carried or when it is necessary to revert to cargo-carrying. It is possible that the United States Navy will use the machine for the collection of mails from ship-to-ship while at sea

THE PIASECKI WITH ITS BLADES FOLDED : The helicopter is thus made sufficiently compact for sending down the lift of an American cruiser, and even with blades extended it can go down the lift of the smallest carrier. Four men can fold the blades in four minutes. With blades folded the machine occupies an area of only 290 sq. ft. The Piasecki has reached under test a speed of 131 m.p.h., and at 75 per cent. power it has a cruising speed of 114 m.p.h. It also has a high rate of climb

IMPRISONED IN ANTARCTIC ICE

The British Warship "Sparrow" Spends Fourteen Days Locked in Admiralty Bay, in the South Shetlands

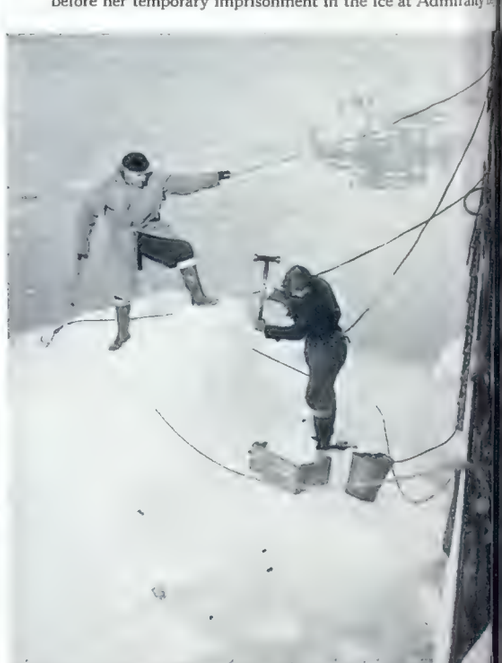
THE BRITISH SLOOP H.M.S. "SPARROW" LOCKED IN THE ICE OF ADMIRALTY BAY LAST MONTH WHEN, AFTER A FOURTEEN-DAY STRUGGLE, SHE BROKE FREE FROM THE GRIP OF THE ANTARCTIC WINTER AND MADE FOR THE OPEN SEA: So strong was the grip it was feared at one time that the warship would have to spend the whole winter in the South Shetlands, as the massive floes, brought down by exceptional gales, were closing in all around her. The survey ship *John Biscoe* tried to break a passage for the *Sparrow*, but failed at the first attempt. Luck changed on February 11, however, when a fresh northerly breeze temporarily cleared the pack-ice. Working parties were hastily re-embarked and the sloop edged her way carefully out to sea. The *Sparrow* is now on her way home to England in order to refit, sailing via Montevideo, Trinidad and Bermuda

The year 1949 is proving no less eventful than 1948 in the Antarctic. Last year claims to Graham Land, coming simultaneously from the Chilean and Argentinian Governments, caused a concentration of warships in the far south and much bitterness of feeling. This year the weather has been the headline-making factor, and in January and February intense interest was aroused by the seven attempts of the *John Biscoe*, the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey vessel, to rescue the five British explorers marooned at Hope Bay after their hut had been burnt down. At the seventh attempt the *John Biscoe* got through the pack-ice and effected the relief. Scarcely had she done so than she received a message that the British sloop *Sparrow* was locked in the ice of Admiralty Bay and that unless a way was cut through the ice for her she would be marooned in the Antarctic for the next eight months of winter ice conditions. The *John Biscoe*, a wooden vessel of 100 tons, specially equipped for operating in ice conditions, dashed at once to the aid of H.M.S. *Sparrow*, at the second attempt ploughing her way through the floes to the sloop's side. Officers of the *Sparrow* then cruised round in the *John Biscoe* searching for an escape route for the 1,400-ton vessel, and, eventually, aided by slightly improving weather, were able to radio the Admiralty that they were "Out and clear."

At the time of writing, the fierce, sunless Antarctic winter is almost closed in on the meteorological stations of the far south and during the long nights our scientists will continue to relay the daily weather messages, bringing the world news of conditions in the South Pacific and South Indian Oceans. Meanwhile, the *Sparrow* is on her way home, and in a few weeks' time she will be sailing into Devonport with the 170 officers and men who were so nearly cut off and with a cargo of Adelie Penguins, the first to arrive in this country for 25 years.

H.M.S. "SPARROW" AMID THE ICE AT WHALER'S BAY, DECEPTION ISLAND: The 1,400-ton sloop, a modern warship of the modified Black Swan class, completed after the conclusion of hostilities, seen at one of her Antarctic ports before her temporary imprisonment in the ice at Admiralty Bay.

AS THE FLOES CAME CRASHING DOWN: Members of the crew of the sloop "Sparrow" using oars in order to prevent damage to the warship's propellers as she lay locked in the ice in Admiralty Bay in the South Shetlands. Fuel oil was running desperately short and it seemed as winter closed in that *Sparrow* would have to remain in the Antarctic. Plans were actually made to take off the majority of the crew



CHIPPING FRESH-WATER GLACIER ICE: How members of the *Sparrow's* crew eked out their water supplies when imprisoned in the Antarctic ice. *Sparrow's* predicament was caused by the quite exceptionally early onset of winter in the Antarctic

EASTERLY WINDS AND GALES BROUGHT THE PACK-ICE SWEEPING IN FROM THE WEDDELL SEA : Looking from the stern of the sloop "Sparrow" as she lay trapped in Admiralty Bay. On hearing of the *Sparrow's* predicament the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey vessel *John Biscoe*, which had just rescued five British explorers marooned at Hope Bay, North-East Graham Land, steamed towards Admiralty Bay. When 35 miles from Admiralty Bay she met an impenetrable wall of ice, but she got through at the second attempt. The *John Biscoe* is specially equipped for operating in the Antarctic, whereas the *Sparrow* is a sloop engaged on routine duties and with no specialised equipment

THE "JOHN BISCOE" IN ADMIRALTY BAY IN DECEMBER 1948 : The relief ship of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey seen at the South Shetlands on the occasion of her previous visit. When she returned to assist the *Sparrow* in February the *John Biscoe* found a very different set of ice conditions. After helping the *Sparrow* and giving her part of her stock of fuel oil, the *John Biscoe* returned to Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands. There she took on board the Governor of the Falkland Islands, and on March 7 set off south once again, her first visit being to the whaling community in South Georgia. On this present trip the *John Biscoe* may attempt to reach Marguerite Bay

AT THE MERCY OF THE TIDES

Gales Speed the Progress of Erosion on the East Coast: The Embankment Collapse at Kew

THE RELENTLESS PROGRESS OF EROSION ON THE EAST ANGLIAN COAST: An anti-invasion pillbox which was erected on the dunes at Caister during the war has now toppled on to the foreshore as a result of the sea's steady incursion. In some coastal districts the sea is wearing its way inwards at the rate of 20 ft. a year. At Caister the sea actually gained a distance of 100 ft. during six months in 1942

THE BREACH IN THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AT KEW GARDENS: This embankment at the Richmond end of the gardens collapsed as a result of undermining by the flood waters which swept down the Thames combined with surging tides. Many fine trees were uprooted by the flood

WHERE THE WAVES RULE BRITANNIA: An anti-invasion pillbox now among the waves as a result of the relentless incursion of the sea at Caister, Norfolk. All along this coast the story is the same. At Mundesley hotels and cottages have been abandoned. Lowestoft's great North Sea Wall—a fine wide promenade of concrete built at a cost of £250,000—has been steadily undermined. A strong scouring current, allowed to proceed laterally along the shore, carries off enormous quantities of ground at every tide. It is now being urged that the preservation of the coasts of Britain should be the charge of the whole nation, and not that of individual local authorities whose resources are quite inadequate to meet the appalling costs involved. This view has lately been endorsed by the All-Party Parliamentary Committee on Coast Erosion. In the past the central departmental responsibility has been divided among several Ministries. In 1947, however, the Prime Minister announced that the Minister of Health would take over

THE BROKEN RIVER WALL AND EMBANKMENT AT KEW GARDENS: The Thames was not only swollen by floodwaters, but a "surge," caused by high winds in the North Sea, brought the tide up to danger mark. At Kew full-tide conditions still prevail, the half-tide lock being upstream at Richmond, and the result was this undermining of the embankment wall

TROOPS COME OUT TO FIGHT THE ESSEX FLOOD MENACE: At work on a breached sea wall near East Wick, Burnham-on-Crouch. More than 100 men belonging to the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, from Colchester Barracks, were called in to help the Essex County Council in a race against time to prepare for the high March tides. The troops, working in co-operation with the Council men, have been repairing many breaches which were caused in the Essex sea walls by the tidal surges of a fortnight ago—breaches which caused damage estimated at £75,000, and which might lead to untold havoc if not strengthened in time

CLOSING THE BREACH NEAR BURNHAM: Men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders putting the finishing touches to their work on the sea wall, where there were recent heavy inroads

TOWING OUT A SALMON NET AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON ON THE TWEED: The 100-yard-long net is secured to a post on the Scottish bank of the river (foreground of picture) and the fisherman tows out the other end in his small boat, or coble, in a wide circle. The fisherman's cottage in the background is on the English side of the River Tweed, and is situated about 5½ miles up-river from Berwick-on-Tweed, which lies beyond the bend in the river seen in the left background. The start of the season has proved highly successful for the Tweed fisherman, and is one of the best in the last 100 years

THE FISH ARE ENCIRCLED AND THE NET IS HAULED ASHORE: The second stage of the "shot" is completed when the net has been towed in a complete circle to its starting-point. More men then help to pull the valuable catch up the bank. The whole operation takes only twenty minutes and over 100 fish have been caught in a single "shot." After the net has been emptied, it is carefully examined for faults before it is used again—*Drawings by Percy Home*

A LATE "SHOT" ON A WINTER EVENING: The same procedure is gone through as is illustrated in the other pictures on this page. As many as 263 fish were caught in a night's work recently. The small boats, or cobles, are of distinctive design, with a sharp prow and crude, square stern. The name coble also applies to a larger type of flat-bottomed fishing-boat used on the North-East coast of England. These boats also are remarkable for their square sterns and high prows

SALMON NETTING ON THE TWEED

At midnight on February 14, Canon J. A. Little, Vicar of Norham, performed the ancient ceremony of blessing the salmon nets before the opening of the salmon-fishing season on the Tweed. He went out in a coble, similar to those illustrated on this page, at Redwell fishery. So far the season has been highly successful, probably due to the mild weather at the beginning of the year. Early in February, seals were observed at the mouth of the harbour at Berwick-on-Tweed, which indicated that the fish were moving upstream. The cable and net method of fishing has already reaped a handsome harvest. The net is towed out in a wide circle and is supported by floats on the upper edge. When the circle is completed, the net is hauled in and the catch landed. These drawings were made at a famous salmon-netting area, 5½ miles up-river from Berwick

CHISWICK MALL AS IT IS TO-DAY: At present the houses and gardens of this celebrated Thames-side "village" are well maintained, but the West Middlesex Joint Planning Committee, in its survey of the Middlesex bank of the Thames from Chiswick to Staines, urges that the possibility of public acquisition should be considered should the present standard of maintenance be lowered. Chiswick Mall is rich in historic and literary associations. At Walpole House, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland and mistress of Charles II, lived during the latter part of her life and she died there in 1709. Horace Walpole himself owned the place in later years. Near by is St. Nicholas's Church associated with William Hogarth

PLANS for THAMES BEAUTY SPOTS

West Middlesex Joint Planning Committee Make a Survey of the Middlesex Bank of the River

To read a survey that plans the redevelopment of one bank of a river and takes no note of conditions on the opposite bank certainly savours of the Gilbertian, but thereafter the resemblance ends, for the West Middlesex Joint Planning Committee have produced a most realistic and valuable report on the replanning of the Middlesex bank of the Thames from Chiswick to Staines. Realising the value of the Thames as a highway, as a vast playground for the people of London and the Thames Valley generally, and as a residential area, they have made a series of far-reaching recommendations. They have attacked the ribbon development and the bungaloid growths on some reaches of the river, pointing out that above Sunbury much may be done to replan this area with short- and long-term clearance schemes. They have paid particular attention also to the village atmosphere of such places as Chiswick Mall and Strand-on-the-Green, those two still-secluded riverside haunts which have so many historic, literary and artistic associations. There is a plea, too, for Syon Park, that rural beauty spot lying between the industrialisation of Brentford and Isleworth, and there is a most realistic scheme to make possible the extension of the riverside walk from Isleworth to Syon *via* the Isleworth Ait, the main requirement being two footbridges. It would seem that the Gas Light and Coke Co.'s premises at Brentford must be accepted as a permanence, but the report urges that industry should be very strictly controlled, and wherever possible should be removed from the riverside, having consideration, of course, to the claims of the boat-builders.

Chiswick Eyot, which achieves its annual moment of fame when the boat-race crews pass it *en route* to Mortlake, is, it seems, too expensive a problem to tackle at this juncture, but there is regret at its present plight, as it is being rapidly washed away by the tides.

CHISWICK MALL GARDENS: Their present open character and excellent state of maintenance win the approval of the West Middlesex Joint Planning Committee, but the recently issued report makes it quite plain that but for this public acquisition would have to be considered. Chiswick Mall, like Strand-on-the-Green farther up-stream, still retains the appearance of a riverside village, which, indeed, it once was, and the Mall itself remains happily free of traffic

CHISWICK EYOT, WHICH IS BEING STEADILY WASHED AWAY BY THE TIDES: The cost of preserving the island would be prohibitive, according to the Planning Committee's report, and would render such work impracticable at the moment. Fifty years ago this osier-clad island extended over 3¼ acres. Tides and the wash of passing steamers have eroded its banks, and now it has a forlorn, untended air. Until recently the island was thickly clothed with osiers, and each season these used to be cut by basket-makers. The Eyot is usually identified with the island of Hame, where the Danes wintered in A.D. 879

THE CHARM OF STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN: This attractive little "village," lying near the northern approach to Kew Bridge, has long been a haunt of artists, and in some ways it is even more secluded in its aspect than Chiswick Mall. The committee urges that Strand-on-the-Green must be preserved and that industrial concerns should be moved as opportunity arises. Johann Zoffany, the great painter of conversation pieces, lived at Strand-on-the-Green for many years

ISLEWORTH AIT, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED SHOULD BE USED AS A LINK BETWEEN THE RIVERSIDE WALK AND SYON PARK, THUS EFFECTIVELY BY-PASSING THE TOWN: The proposal would involve the construction of two footbridges, and the West Middlesex Joint Planning Committee in its Thames-side survey urges that there is much to recommend it. Isleworth is part-industrial these days, but the little village street leading down to the water's edge still retains its old-world village character. In summer yachtsmen frequently anchor there

SYON HOUSE, THE PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND: It forms a valuable buffer, declares the Committee, between the industry at Brentford and Isleworth. It is referred to also as "as an outstanding and historic example of a Thames-side mansion in its typical setting." Syon House was partly rebuilt by Robert Adam for the first Duke of Northumberland about 1760. The river front, which is seen from across the river in Kew Gardens, is crowned by the lion which once graced the Strand front of Northumberland House. Syon House occupies the site of the Bridgettine Nunnery, which was founded by Henry V in 1415. This was later the prison of Katherine Howard

THE RIVER FRONTAGE AT LOWER HAMPTON ROAD, SUNBURY-ON-THAMES: It is this ribbon-type bungalow development on the reaches above Hampton Court that particularly attracts the attention of the Committee. Much of it is undesirable, declares the report, because of flood risk, lack of services, or shanty-like appearance. This lies a short distance from picturesque Sunbury Lock

THE RIVERSIDE NORTH OF WALTON BRIDGE: Here the Committee urges that redevelopment and clearance could make possible large-scale improvements on the banks, and they suggest that this stretch could be treated under both short-term and long-term schemes. There are many big yards still in existence on these upper reaches which played a vital part during the war years in the construction of small craft used both for air-sea rescue and mine-sweeping

Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

REPAVING THE KING'S HIGHWAY : In the Mall, not far from the Admiralty Arch, the Ministry of Works has laid down a 100-ft. stretch of reddish-brown metalling specially designed for standing up to a great weight of traffic. If it responds well to tests the whole of the Mall will be repaved with this material. Repairs in the Mall are much overdue, and questions have lately been asked in Parliament about the disgraceful state of the road surface. It appears that the original wood-block road surface was overlaid some years ago with a thin coating of tar. In some places this coating has worn away, and as the wear has been very uneven, cars, motor-cycles and bicycles now bump their way from the Palace to Admiralty Arch on a surface that has few counterparts in the whole Metropolis. On the left of this picture is historic Carlton House Terrace, a victim of the blitz, which is also undergoing overdue repairs

AINTREE CHERRY, A. TOPHAM UP, LEADS THE PARADE AT AINTREE AT A SPECIAL FAMILY CELEBRATION ON THE LIVERPOOL COURSE TO MARK THE CENTENARY OF THE TOPHAM ASSOCIATION WITH THE GRAND NATIONAL : Mr. Arthur Topham, on his donkey, played the role of the inevitable Irish visitor. Later, with spectators in nineteenth-century costume, he watched six men and one woman, wearing old-time colours and riding hunters, taking a series of jumps (not the real Aintree jumps) in a race simulating the art of steeplechasing as practised in the first half of the nineteenth century. The Grand National was inaugurated in 1839

HATTON'S GRACE OUSTS NATIONAL SPIRIT AS THE CHAMPION HURDLER : Mrs. M. H. Keogh leading in her nine-year-old after his brilliant victory in the Champion Hurdle at the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham. Hatton's Grace, trained in Ireland and a stable companion of Castledermot, which won the National Hunt Steeplechase on the following day, was opposed by National Spirit, twice winner of the Champion Hurdle, Captain Fox, a brilliant newcomer to hurdling, and Vatelys, the former French champion. Showing a great finishing burst up the Cheltenham Hill, Hatton's Grace passed Captain Fox and, resisting a late run by Vatelys, romped home an easy winner. Hatton's Grace is not a big horse and he is lightly built. He was bought by his present owner, Mrs. Keogh, as a six-year-old. His only previous win this season was a hurdle event at Naas. (Further pictures from Cheltenham will be found on page 423)

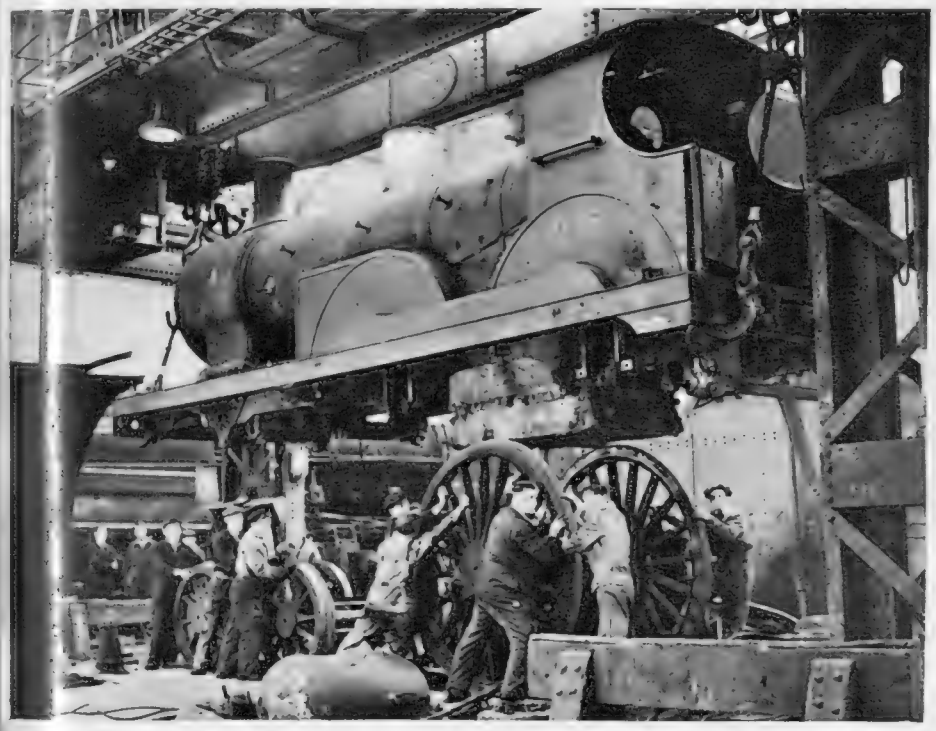
WORK STARTS ON THE RESTORATION OF ST. CLEMENT DANES : The celebrated Wren church in the Strand, which was destroyed in the air raids and is now a battered skeleton of outer walls, is to be completely renovated, and work has already begun on the erection of the scaffolding. The steeple itself is in good condition, and the famous bells, which are in brick enclosures, are well preserved. After first-aid work has been done on the walls of the main fabric, the floor will be relaid and a new roof will be constructed. The renovated church will differ little from that completed by Wren. St. Clement Danes was built in 1681, and stands a little to the south of an earlier church which was believed to be the burial-place of Harold Harefoot and his Danes. St. Clement's was Dr. Johnson's favourite church

MR. TOPHAM'S AINTREE PARTY : Spectators wearing period costume outside the grandstand when they arrived to celebrate the centenary of the Topham association with the Grand National

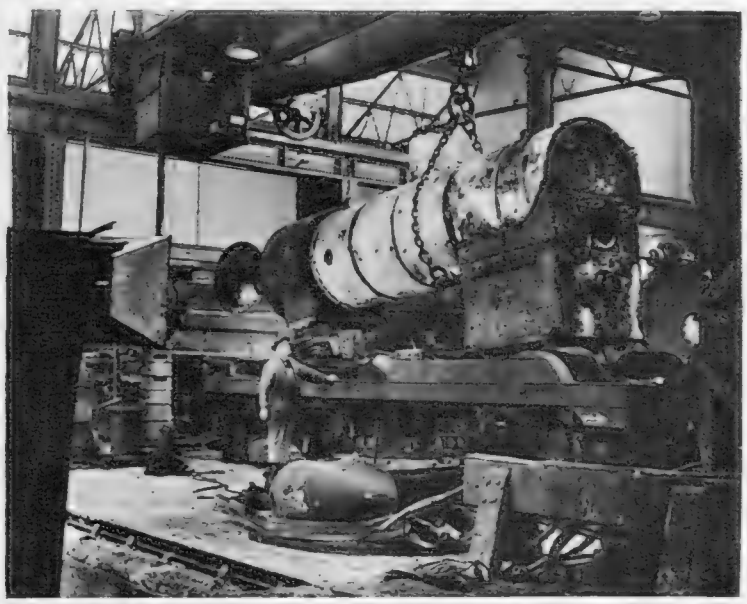
A THAMES PILOT IS HONOURED BY DANISH SHIPOWNERS : Mr. G. A. Deane (second from left), who for thirty years has steered vessels of the Lauritzen Line up the Thames, acting as the Danish company's preference pilot, was honoured at a recent gathering at a London restaurant, when Mr. Ivar Lauritzen and Mr. Knud Lauritzen presented him with a painting of one of the Company's ships. The Lauritzens, who are seen standing on the right, came to London specially to make the presentation. Mr. Deane's wife, Kathleen (left), was presented with a vase. Mr. Deane went to sea at the age of fourteen, and he served seventeen years in deep water before settling at Gravesend, where he is now the oldest Thames pilot

THE BREAKING-UP OF H.M.S. "RODNEY"—TWO VIEWS OF THE CELEBRATED WARSHIP NOW IN PROCESS OF BEING DISMANTLED FOR SCRAP AT INVERKEITHING: The turrets which once housed her formidable guns have been removed, and work will soon start on the main part of her superstructure. It was rumoured last month that the "Royal Sovereign," recently handed back to the British Navy by the Soviet Navy, might follow the "Rodney" at Inverkeithing

Many of those who served in H.M.S. *Rodney*, now fast disappearing in the shipbreaker's yard, have been inquiring as to what has happened to the *Rodney's* chapel, that triumph of the West Country shipwrights' art. The chapel, which survived an attempt to rip it from the ship to make way for D-Day equipment, was greatly admired by every visitor to *Rodney*, and it was used daily throughout the war. In a recent letter to the Press the Rev. E. G. D. Fawkes, Chaplain, R.N., asked that it be made known that the oak panelling and furniture "are now a distinguished feature of the church at the new permanent air station, H.M.S. *Seahawk*." In his letter the Rev. Fawkes also stated that the first commanding officer of H.M.S. *Seahawk* and chaplain were both serving in H.M.S. *Rodney* between the wars. The new chapel, he said, was dedicated on Passion Sunday 1948, and the service was attended by Admiral Sir Robert Burnett, now Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, a former executive officer of the *Rodney*.



DISMANTLING AN ENGINE OF THE '80's: The scene at the Ashford, Kent, Southern Region locomotive works as the main body of the engine was lifted away from the wheels



THE MAN WHO HELPED TO BUILD IT, HELPS TO BREAK IT UP SIXTY-THREE YEARS LATER: Mr. J. Leeds watches the crane carry away the boiler of the 1886 engine which was being dismantled for salvage at Ashford. This locomotive is the first of five Stirling F-class engines to be broken up. Originally used for the express passenger service on the London-Dover run, this engine travelled more than 1,500,000 miles. The complete dismantling of the veteran of the iron road was carried out in a little over two hours

AN AIRCRAFT CRASHES ON A HANGAR: The wreckage of an Anson twin-engined aircraft lying on a hangar roof at Croydon Airport. It was on a delivery flight to Blackpool and flew against the building while taking off. The pilot and sole occupant, Captain G. Hinkley, who was seriously injured, was lowered by stretcher from the roof and taken to hospital. When the machine came to rest the engine was on the inside of the hangar, suspended precariously from the roof

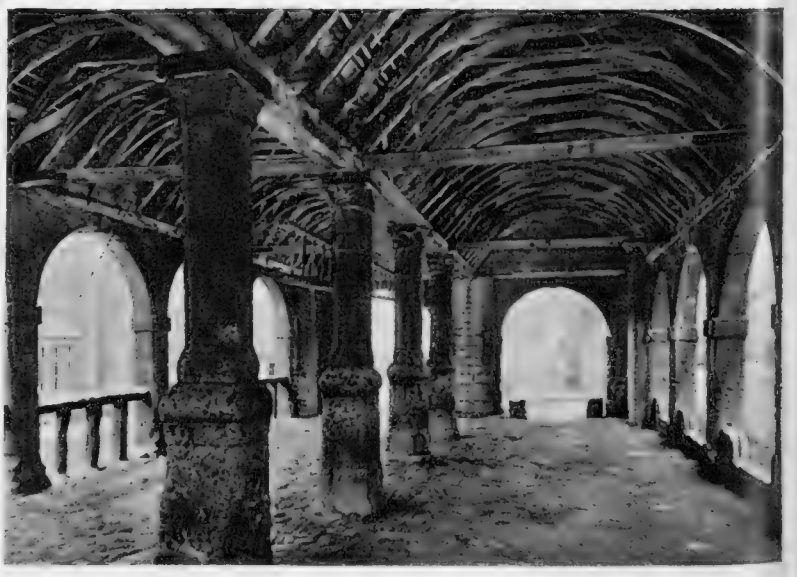
OUR RURAL HERITAGE

Restoration Work in Three Counties and a Medieval Discovery

A BEAUTY SPOT REPRIEVED FROM DEMOLITION—SHOTESHAM MILL ASTRIDE THE RIVER TAS, NEAR NORWICH : After an announcement that an anonymous donor had volunteered to spend the £3,000 necessary for its restoration, the East Norfolk River Catchment Board granted the mill a month's reprieve from demolition. The mill, which is thought to be about 150 years old, is regarded as a perfect example of a mill of that period. It has been uninhabited for many years

TO BE PRESERVED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST—ARLINGTON ROW, BIBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE : This row of old gabled cottages, which forms part of the village William Morris declared to be the most beautiful in the country, has now been accepted for preservation by the National Trust through the generosity of the Pilgrim Trust, which is meeting the cost of essential repairs. The responsibility for Arlington Row is being transferred by Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Trust, which has been the guardian of the property for a number of years. It was this Trust, in conjunction with the Royal Society of Arts, which originally saved the cottages from demolition. At one time there was a proposal to remove the cottages to America. There are eight cottages in the row and they date from the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century. They are constructed from local stone with steep-pitched, stone-slated roofs and pointed gables. In front of the cottages runs a stream, a tributary of the Colne, from which the tenants collect their water. It is now hoped that at a later date the internal arrangements of the cottages may be improved. The present tenants are to continue to live in the cottages

MEDIEVAL PAINTINGS DISCOVERED IN A SUSSEX CHURCH : *Left*—The chancel of Coombes Church, showing to the right of the altar the mural which has been uncovered from layers of plaster by workmen engaged on restoring the East wall. *Right*—An exterior view of the fourteenth-century church which lies in the shelter of the South Downs between Steyning and Lancing. Careful removal of the plaster has revealed enough of the painting to identify it as a haloed figure, probably a life-sized representation of Christ. There are signs that other murals exist in the building. The church, which accommodates about fifty people, now serves a small agricultural community. At one time, however, it was the church of a flourishing port



REPAIRING THE WOOL MARKET, CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE : *Left*—The Woolmarket in the High Street with the church tower in the distance. The near gable on the side of the Woolmarket facing the street has become dangerous, and is now about to be repaired. The deterioration is due to the state of the woodwork within the building. *Right*—The interior of the Woolmarket showing the cobbled floor. The Jacobean building, resting upon open arcades, which forms one of the distinctive features of the High Street, is National Trust property. It was purchased through the efforts of the Campden Trust, who first learned of its imminent danger in 1944. It was built by Sir Baptist Hicks in 1627 and was constructed in traditional Cotswold stone with three gables on each side and two at each end

MR. C. W. NASH, JUNIOR, HAS A BAD FALL IN THE UNITED HUNTS CHALLENGE CUP: These three pictures show the rider and his 25-to-1 outsider, Cool Defender, coming down at one of the fences only half-a-mile from the end of this 3½-mile race. At the time Cool Defender was going really well, and he might easily have out-run the favourite, Compton Abdale, a fine type of hunter from the Cotswold country, in the final dash up the hill. In the top picture both Mr. Nash and his mount are seen hitting the ground head first. The jockey is seen (centre) stretched on the ground as the field streams by, and a brother jockey is kneeling to avoid the oncoming horses. In the bottom picture a policeman and other helpers have rushed to Mr. Nash's assistance

A 20-TO-1 OUTSIDER COMES TO GRIEF: Air Base, ridden by Turnell, hitting the ground after clearing one of the stiff Cheltenham fences in the Cotswold Steeplechase on the second day of the National Hunt Meeting. Racing took place in bitterly cold weather and in conditions of ground frost that led to the abandonment of the third day's programme, including the Gold Cup. There were many spills at the meeting, as there inevitably are

THRILLS AND SPILLS AT CHELTENHAM

Some Casualties at the National Hunt Meeting

TROONBAY AND HIS JOCKEY PART COMPANY, BUT P. J. MURPHY KEEPS A FIRM GRIP ON THE REINS: This was an incident in the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, won by Royal Oak IV, which was having a first outing over fences. Royal Oak IV proved a splendid jumper, and won easily

TRIUMPH AND DISASTER ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING: *Left*—Lord Mildmay riding Mrs. Keogh's Castledermot to victory in the National Hunt Steeplechase, the four-mile event. Castledermot won in a style that has rarely been seen before in this race. He was a hot favourite, made nearly all the running, and won without ever being off the bit. His Grand National chances in 1950 must be bright indeed on this spectacular form. *Right*—Mr. D. Owen coming down in the race for Division I of the Broadway Novices Steeplechase, a race which produced a whole crop of casualties

THE B.B.C. PUTS IT ON RECORD

A Visit to the Recorded-Programme Department and the Gramophone Department

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT used to be a favourite gag for the heckler and the music-hall comedian to enquire what Mr. W. E. Gladstone said in 1889. Now I know the answer. I have just heard him say it. It was :—

"My dear Mr. Edison, I am profoundly indebted to you not only for the entertainment, but for the instruction which it has been my privilege to enjoy."

In other words, I have been to Broadcasting House to study not only the Recorded-Programme Department of the B.B.C., but also the Gramophone Department. These two sections are kept strictly apart. They are not even housed in the same building. The Recorded-Programme Department dates back only to 1935, when it was decided to keep records of historic occasions not only for future programmes, but also for posterity. These range from annual events like the Derby, Grand National, Cup Final to the Round-the-World Empire Broadcast at Christmas, as well as all Royal broadcasts, Budget speeches, the review of the year by the Prime Minister at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, and other major political broadcasts. Incidentally, Mr. Churchill's famous "Blood-Sweat-and-Tears" speech was made in the House of Commons, never went on the air and was therefore never recorded.

Against this, the Duke of Windsor's Abdication on the radio, the Coronation, the birth of Prince Charles, the announcement of the first atom bomb dropped on Japan, the calling to arms of the L.D.V. by Anthony Eden, the announcement by Neville Chamberlain of the outbreak of war in 1939, are all literally on record. Even before 1935 the B.B.C. had been collecting casually a number of what are colloquially described as "pre-historic" records. These include E. T. Barnum boosting Edison's phonograph, Lord Tennyson reciting "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Mr. Asquith's speech of the Budget of 1909, Florence Nightingale describing in 1890 her work in the Crimean War, ending with "God bless my friends at Balaclava," Sarah Bernhardt reciting a piece out of "Phèdre," Woodrow Wilson delivering a speech in World War I, and Sun Yat Sen, China's first president, who died nearly a quarter of a century ago—not to mention Mr. Gladstone himself.

To-day, an average of 100 recorded catalogued items are filed away every month. During the war this filing system had to be largely abandoned, with the result that things are a bit behind. Thus, during February, the 100 catalogued items include a recording of an interview with Seanu, the oldest man in the world, in Bechuanaland (1939), the Brains Trust in December 1948, Gielgud's Hamlet, the King's speech at Kingston Power Station, the Woodcock-Savold fight, a session of the U.N. Security Council, and the voice of the Cape turtledove from South Africa.

Apart from the automatic recordings for immediate repeats of popular programmes like "Much Binding in the Marsh," "Take it from Here," and "Hi Gang," this department of the B.B.C. has the invidious duty of deciding which current recordings are to be kept indefinitely. The first principle which guides George Brian, Timothy Eckersley and their colleagues is a negative: not to attempt to preserve a vague picture of current entertainment for posterity. The second principle is the positive one of preserving records for the use of future broadcasters, either in the shape of complete programmes or as material for scripts which can be quoted in truncated form by future producers of the "Scrapbook" type of programme. Naturally, this department has preserved broadcasts by Max Beerbohm, H. G. Wells, Sir Oliver Lodge and Bernard Shaw among others, not to mention the full account of the Nuremberg Trial, which ran to 7,000 full-sized records. (Besides the "commercial" type of 12-in. records, there are 16-in., which take over fifteen minutes to play.)

In the meantime, there are B.B.C. mobile units collecting folk music and folk stories which are liable to die out, all over Europe, as well as in India, China, Java and Africa. In the case of Africa, some excellent work was done in collating raw material during the Royal tour. Apart from this, the B.B.C. is naturally interested in guaranteeing, as far as is possible in a world threatened by atom bombs, the preservation of unique records. A single copy can so easily be lost or broken. To prevent this, these sole surviving discs are copper-plated and thus turned into master records from which six pressings are taken to guarantee their survival.

Another activity of the recording library of the B.B.C. is to secure various types of sound effects, such as quiet chatter (boys and girls), loud chatter (boys and girls), excited chatter (boys and girls), applause (boys and girls). The library of bird songs has been greatly enlarged by the purchase at an unnamed figure of Ludwig Koch's entire collection of natural-history recordings.

Altogether, the sound-effects section of the library can produce at a given moment nearly 7,000 different sounds, including the crowd shouting, the bells ringing and the guns barking at the birth of Prince Charles. The total number of main catalogued items is between 12,000 and 13,000, each of which has been duplicated (to use an Irishism) six times.

Over in Rothwell House, New Cavendish Street, is the Gramophone Department, the records of which have grown from 200 in 1933 to 287,000 to-day. Not only does it feed all the other programmes for fill-up purposes with serious, orchestral, military band or dance music (if a programme runs short or a heavyweight championship ends in the first round), but it provides the raw material for its own programmes on the Home, Light, Third and Overseas broadcasts, which alone amount to no fewer than eighty-four hours a week.

In charge of the Gramophone Department is Anna Instone, whose greatest headache is Housewives' Choice. She practically needs a bodyguard to protect her, when leaving the building, from would-be compères. Each week she receives 3,000 requests, although she has only time for 96. The three most popular items are "Bless This House," "It is My Mother's Birthday" and the "Anniversary Waltz."

"I could have them played ninety-six times a week and still people would not be satisfied," she told me. "After all, we can't give the names of all the people who have asked for an individual number; otherwise it would be a sheer catalogue of names and we would have no records at all."

Since 1933, when a contract was made with all the manufacturers of gramophone records, this department of the B.B.C. receives automatically one copy of every record issued in this country. In addition, it spends several thousand pounds a year in buying foreign records. The latter are naturally purchased after they have been heard. Of the former there are always a few each year which owing to their impropriety are banned for broadcasting.

Once a week, for nine months in the year, there is direct contact between the Gramophone Department and one of the "live" music departments when "Music Magazine" goes on the air. To-day (Saturday) in "Music Magazine" a unique record will be played in this programme. It is the aria from "Shamus O'Brien" written by Sir Charles Stanford and sung by Josef O'Mara. This is a real collector's piece. Not that the B.B.C. acquires collector's pieces just for the fun of it. Rare records are only acquired if they have a broadcasting value. From the B.B.C.'s point of view the only reason for buying a record is for its entertainment or instructional value. Thus the record of Brahms playing his own Rhapsody is a "natural" for broadcasting to musical students. In fact, this record is not particularly rare. A record of "Non Biu Andrai" from the *Marriage of Figaro*, sung by Sir Charles Santley at the age of seventy-five, is very valuable for two reasons. Sir Charles, on hearing it, ordered all the records to be destroyed because he was dissatisfied with his fading voice; but in spite of his age his phrasing is an object lesson to future concert singers. In fact, the B.B.C. has the only known copy in existence, although there is said to be another one somewhere in Australia, which has not yet been identified.

I have said nothing about "disc-jockeys," to use the American phrase for compères who select a series of records and then interpolate their playing with a series of remarks, sometimes fatuous and facetious, sometimes helpful. Anybody who listens to the radio will know all about them. But they, too, add to the responsibility of Miss Instone and the Gramophone Department. Indeed, it is necessary to have a small committee at the Æolian Hall to hear what current song hits are being played by live orchestras, and in this way to prevent any individual number being too heavily plugged on gramophone records as well. There is, I understand, a maximum number of times which any song can be played on the air; though one might not believe this.

At the moment the contents of the Gramophone Library is spread through thirty different rooms. It is hoped that in the near future they will be all housed in one establishment, though replicas will naturally be kept elsewhere to prevent a disaster similar (ahem!) to the burning of the Library at Alexandria in ancient days.

THE B.B.C.'S RECORD LIBRARY FILING STAFF AT WORK: *On left,* **the card catalogue department cross-references the records under composer, title and artist. The box files and catalogues are ancillary to the card reference.** *On right,* **library staff extract records which have been selected for a programme. Historic events have been recorded for future programmes since 1935, but many famous voices of the past are available from old gramophone records**

SELECTING RECORDS FOR THE PROGRAMMES: *On left,* **discs are examined, tested and placed ready for boxing and sending to the appropriate studio for such programmes as "This Week's Composer," "Records of the Month" or "Opera Half-Hour."** *On right,* **a view of the permanent library, which contains many thousands of recordings of historic value. Each rack contains approximately 6,000 records on each side, filed according to make, prefix and number. Anna Instone has been head of the Gramophone Department since January 1948**

THE B.B.C. RECORDED-PROGRAMME DEPARTMENT: This unit, which was started in 1935, handles requests for recordings and reproductions mainly for Home, Light and Third programmes. *On left:* **Requests being recorded on bookings sheets from which the daily schedule is prepared.** *On right:* **Preparing the daily schedule from the bookings sheets. The large bookings sheets are attached to a roller from which they can be read off quickly by the typist. Similar units operate at other centres for Overseas and European Services**

THE WHITGIFT HOSPITAL, CROYDON, NOW IN COURSE OF REPAIR: The famous old hospital stands at the corner of George Street and North End, East Croydon. Repairs can be seen in progress at the corner near the road junctions

WHITGIFT PRESERVED — HASTINGS HAS A PLAN

Macaulay called Archbishop Whitgift "a narrow-minded, mean and tyrannical priest." Whitgift however, stood high with his contemporaries, and his name will always be remembered for the hospital which he founded in 1599. This picturesque Elizabethan foundation in South London was recently the subject of much controversy when it was proposed that it should be demolished to make way for a road-widening scheme in George Street. The ancient building, however, was saved when an alternative plan was adopted.

The building of the hospital was begun on January 17, 1596, and was completed on September 29, 1599. The buildings are two-storied and surround an interior quadrangle. The hospital contains thirty-two rooms intended for the use of the alms-people, a large common hall, an open kitchen, a suite of four rooms formerly used by Archbishop Whitgift, and a chapel.

Many changes have occurred in the administration of the hospital. It is now administered under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners. The original bequests are maintained, so far as practicable, in the existing scheme.

HASTINGS REOPENS ITS OLD TOWN HALL: The building in the ancient High Street, for many years used as a furniture store, has now been refurbished as a branch library and museum. The museum section will demonstrate the growth of Hastings from the Stone Age to the present time, not omitting, of course, a certain event that took place some seven miles outside the town in the year 1066. Hastings is now in the midst of an elaborate town-planning scheme which is to be submitted to the Minister

THE CASTLE AT HASTINGS, BUILT BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR TO CONSOLIDATE HIS TRIUMPH ON ENGLISH SOIL, HAS NOW BEEN BOUGHT BY HASTINGS CORPORATION AFTER BEING FOR FOUR CENTURIES IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARLS OF CHICHESTER: The scanty ruins of the castle are in themselves of little interest, but they command a wonderful view of the sea, extending on the west to Beachy Head. While the rather protracted negotiations for the sale of the castle have been going on the Corporation has been paying a nominal rent for the property

HASTINGS, A SEASIDE TOWN WITH A TWO-DECKER PLAN: If the 1946 plan for Hastings comes to fruition it will be a town with two decks, an idea put forward by Mr. Sidney Little to make the best use of the seriously limited space. This picture shows how the castle hill presses close against the town, creating the congested position that exists to-day. The two-decker plan, evolved by Mr. Sidney Little in 1946, puts pedestrian, bus and general traffic on different levels, and the six main roads which now lead traffic towards the war memorial will be linked with an underground bus station for loading and unloading passengers. The castle ruins, which are now being bought outright by the Corporation, are seen crowning West Hill in the centre background

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

LIFE BETWEEN TWO STOOLS

Cecil Gray Produces an Entertaining Autobiography: John Pudney's New Novel

MR. CECIL GRAY calls his autobiography MUSICAL CHAIRS (Home and Van Thal 16s.). He is, of course, well known in musical circles as well as for his writings upon music, and he rather disarmingly sub-titles this book "Between Two Stools," for he says he is apt to be "dismissed by musicians as a mere writer, and by writers as a mere musician."

As a writer he sees the art of autobiography mainly in two types; either a self-portrait or an objective account or description of personalities encountered or things seen. In this book he claims to combine the two.

In the course of fifty-odd years he certainly seems to have known quite well a number of interesting people in the world of the arts: Sibelius, Delius, Bartok, D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, Augustus John, Jacob Epstein and Matthew Smith among them. It was at his house in Cornwall that D. H. Lawrence and his German wife ran into that famous piece of trouble in the first World War. "We were sitting around the fire amusing ourselves by singing German folk-songs." Although they did not know it, German submarines had been located in the vicinity: the blackout was insufficient and they all landed in the local police court.

Not all Mr. Gray's encounters with the famous were as dramatic as that, but he deals with them all with a lively gift for portraiture and narrative.

On the subjective side he is equally interesting, and even challenging; as for instance: "In marriage there can be no equality; one or the other must dominate, and Nature has decreed that it should be the male. Modern civilisation has decreed otherwise, and the male has accepted the situation. He fondly believed that woman only wanted equality, and she may have believed herself that she did; but in practice it has not so worked out. Man, civilised man to-day, genuinely desires equality—he has no wish to dominate, and he has abdicated. Woman, instead of accepting the dominion status offered freely, has established a tyranny, an ascendancy over the male." That that happens to be unmitigated nonsense does not make it any less interesting.

Mr. John Pudney describes his new novel as an entertainment. It is also a contemporary fantasy of a very funny kind, which I think you may enjoy as an escape from the rigours of spring. SHUFFLEY WANDERERS (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.) might, as a title, refer to a local football team, but in fact doesn't. Or at least, it doesn't refer to them alone, for the action strays far and wildly from any green or muddy pitch and begins with the activities of one Tom Cludder, who had served in many campaigns as a driver to War Correspondents, and had come home with an insatiable thirst both for stimulants and for not leaving well alone.

It is also he who, towards the end of the tale, speaks with omniscient disapproval and contempt of a mere country paper reporter, quoting in sharp contrast his late employer, who "used to liberate places singlehanded during the war . . . and make up wonderful pieces about them afterwards." An engaging and high-spirited book with the root of at least one matter in it.

Miss Audrey Erskine Lindop has created a fine kind of heroine who is not, as they say in shops, in a stock size, and who doesn't behave in a stock manner either. She is very young, this girl, impractical without being dreamy, and capable of the most intense concentration on her purposes. Sometimes, in fact, her concentration on getting her one and only man is such that she forgets to wash her neck. But she 's a grand girl, just the same. Her name is Jik, and she is the younger daughter of a perpetually hard-up ex-Army family who show an admirable if not always a good-tempered solidarity under the blows of their shabby fate.

SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS NEVER CRY (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is, in the main, her story, though the mother and the ineffectual father and the older, neater and more conventional sister are well drawn too. From the beginning there is something a little alarming about the directness with which Jik tackles the problem of her difficult love, and the ruthlessness with which she handles anybody who seems to get in her way, so that it is scarcely surprising that her stay in Vienna, to which disturbed city she tracks her young man, ends in violent melodrama to which the days of the *anschluss* form a background.

Back in England, melodrama becomes complete, and Jik decides on murder as her next, and to her inevitable, step. But in spite of the heavy accent on violence as the story progresses, that progress seems logical and never unbelievable, and the girl herself retains, believe it or not, her quality of youth, as much as her ignorance of tea-making or vest-changing. She may not be dewy or maidenly, but as I said before, she is quite a girl.

FIENKA (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is announced as a novel without a villain, and, curiously enough, that is true and yet does not give the story the insipid flavour one might have expected. It is a tale of Russia in the old days, days of injustice but not, as far as this group of people were concerned, days of revolutionary plotting. On the contrary, this is chiefly the life story of a beautiful girl in poor circumstances who marries an elderly and kindly millionaire, and after his death, an equally kindly prince who enjoys both her companionship and her fortune.

There is a sprinkling of sourly-spoken characters in the pages of Mr. V. Krymov's book, but for the most part the prevailing climate is of affection, friendship and tolerance. This would be remarkable enough in itself even if unexciting, but for me the very real charm lies in the descriptions of country and small-town life in that period: the rich and delicious food and the antiquated ways of preparing it; the fishing through the ice and parading for sweethearts; the wide shelf-beds close to the ceiling where the children would snuggle for warmth in the winter, the caviar shop, the bad roads, the gypsies and the provincial governors; all these details crowd the pages and make a satisfying book that is old-fashioned in the best sense of the word. The translation from the original Russian has been done by Mr. Malcolm Burr.

Mr. David Dodge's new detective story SHEAR THE BLACK SHEEP (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a pretty good mystery story, which comes near to being very good. In either case, it is worth your reading if you are one of that large body of appreciative people who enjoy the unravelling of clues and counter-clues. The hero, one young James Whitney, has appeared in a former book of this author's which I read, but I find that he gives a better account of himself in the present one. He is an accountant, who doesn't mind being a bookkeeper but thinks it would never do if he started looking like one, and he is personable, not impossibly tough and gregarious.

When she was twenty, Miss Hilda Osterhout wrote a novel about Mexico that has just been published in this country. THE FLAME AND THE SERPENT (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is a novel of the present day, and of the impact of Mexico on a group of American visitors who include a Texas heiress, a man in the cloak-and-suit trade, a New England schoolmarm, and so on, but it is interspersed with passages from Aztec history and rites, in a design to relate the old with the new.

As a device it is emotional, jerky and about half-successful, but the writing itself is fresh and forceful, and has the intentional dramatic colours and contrasts of Mexican clothes.

THE VATICAN'S NEW POSTAGE STAMPS: This series, issued by the Vatican Post Office, commemorates the seven Basilica Churches of Rome, the four Roman Dioceses and Pope Pius XII. The last stamp, bearing the head of Pope Pius, is printed from a copper engraving. The others are produced by a rotary process

Last month there was a storm in the House of Lords when Lord Rennell of Rodd protested against the new immigration restrictions in the Gold Coast Colony, restrictions which made it possible, he indicated, for British subjects "to be treated in the same way as aliens." The Earl of Listowel, replying for the Colonial Secretary, declared that with the growth of education the African was advancing into new fields in trade and in the professions, and it was the duty of the West African Government to see that African ambitions were not restricted by overcrowding of these fields by other races. The Gold Coast, said Lord Listowel, had a highly-advanced constitution with an African majority on the Legislative Council. He indicated a marked lessening of Whitehall control in territories with these modern constitutions. There for a moment their lordships let the matter rest, but the whole exchange threw into relief the vast changes witnessed in modern times in this land that was once the slaver's paradise. In A HISTORY OF THE GOLD COAST (George Allen and Unwin. 21s.), W. E. F. Ward gives a first-rate account of this rich territory of boundless possibilities, with its probably even richer hinterland in Ashanti and the provinces to the north. He tells of the early rivalries between the British, the Portuguese, the Danes and the Dutch, discounting, incidentally, the long-held theory of Norman French discovery. All were lured to the Gold Coast by its unexampled wealth, and, although Britain became paramount and put an end to slavery, it was left to one man, Captain George Maclean, who arrived in February 1830, to set the impress of his personality upon the territory and to set going a rule of law and order on a coast where only two years before the Government, in desperation, had decided to abandon the trading forts. From Maclean's first efforts at social justice sprang the Gold Coast of to-day, and Mr. Ward is at his best in describing the developments from the nineteenth century onwards, revealing the steady drift towards self-government and native self-sufficiency, towards the state of independence which the Earl of Listowel explained last month to a rather surprised and in part hostile House of Lords.

GOLD COAST CONTRASTS

The History of an African Colony

"A hand or eye, by Hilliard drawne, is worth an history by a worse painter made." That was the admiring, if rather clumsily worded, view of Dr. Donne, one of Hilliard's contemporaries, and in 1947, when a retrospective exhibition was held in London to mark the fourth centenary of Hilliard's birth, there were more eulogies for this far from well-known genius, who was at once goldsmith, carver and portrait painter to Queen Elizabeth and engraved the Great Seal of England in 1586. John Pope-Hennessy's LECTURE ON NICHOLAS HILLIARD (Home and Van Thal. 10s. 6d.), which was heard by several learned societies in the winter of 1947-48, now appears in printed form, and by the skilful aid of enlargements of the Hilliard miniatures, the text and accompanying illustrations give a profound insight into the artist's methods. This is the first authoritative examination of Hilliard's artistic achievement, an achievement kept within stern limits by the stylistic technique of court portraiture as practised throughout Europe in his day

The "Britain in Pictures" Series, occasionally verges on the elementary, as witness John Hislop's volume entitled THE TURF (Collins. 5s.) Mr. Hislop, one of our best-known amateur riders and a ready writer, has been asked to sum up English racing in less than fifty pages and the result is a straightforward factual account with few trimmings and not a great deal of out-of-the-way information. The illustrations are excellent and the temptation to reproduce Frith's "Derby Day" has been resisted.

Whitaker in 1869—the first issue—contained 352 pages, and in that year it recorded a National Income of £75,000,000 and a reduction of income tax from 6d. to 5d. in the £. The 81st WHITAKER, which has just made its welcome appearance, records a National Income of £3,765,300,000, Income Tax at 9s., and Surtax at 19s. 6d. The editor, endowed with a sprightly sense of humour, records that the famous almanack has not kept pace from the point of view of comparative growth, having achieved a mere 1,124 pages. Whitaker remains, as ever, a complete reference library in itself. There are three editions, the Complete Edition, in the familiar red and green cloth, being priced at 12s. 6d. net.

Sisley Huddlesyon is the author of MEDITERRANEAN BLUE (Evans Brothers. 8s. 6d.), a charming introduction to the delights of the Rhône Valley and the Riviera coast. Hardly for a moment does he wander from the tourist track, but he is always an entertaining guide. Also in the realm of escapist literature is PASTURES NEW (Werner Laurie. 9s. 6d.), by Prynne Hutton, the story of two people, confirmed town dwellers, who left the city to live by their own efforts in an Oxfordshire village. A sense of humour went with them, and in generous measure it finds its way into this account of early trials and tribulations.

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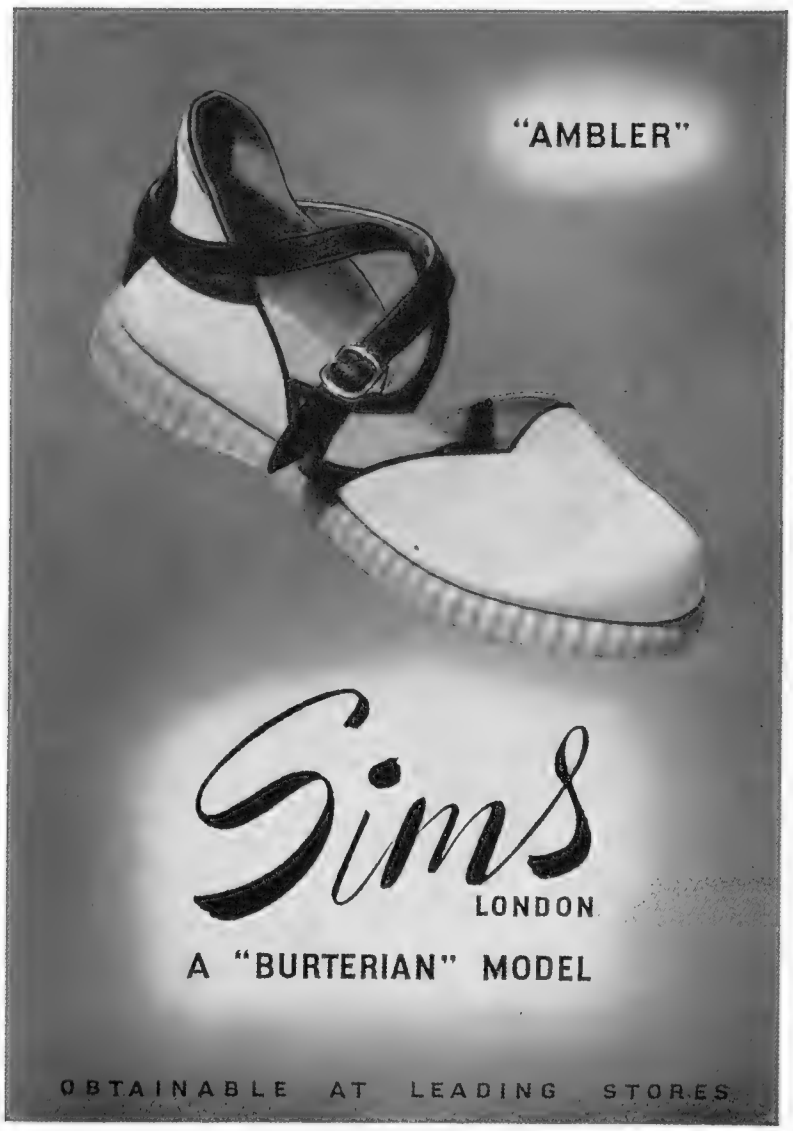

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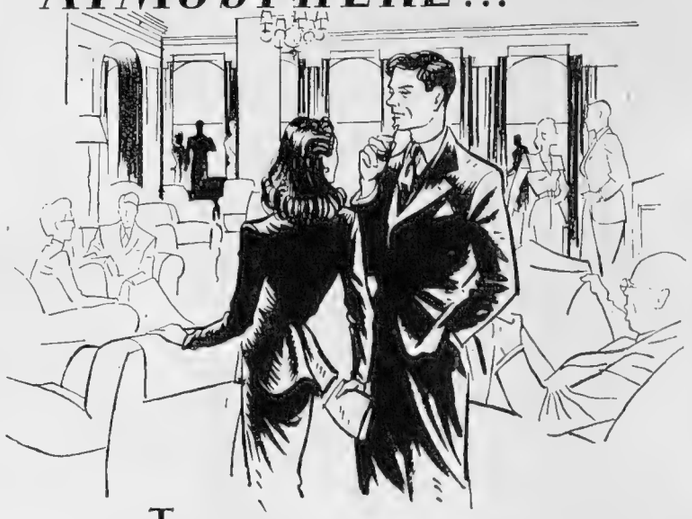

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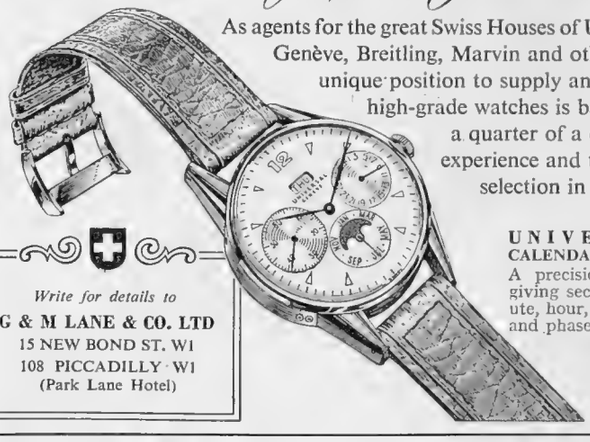

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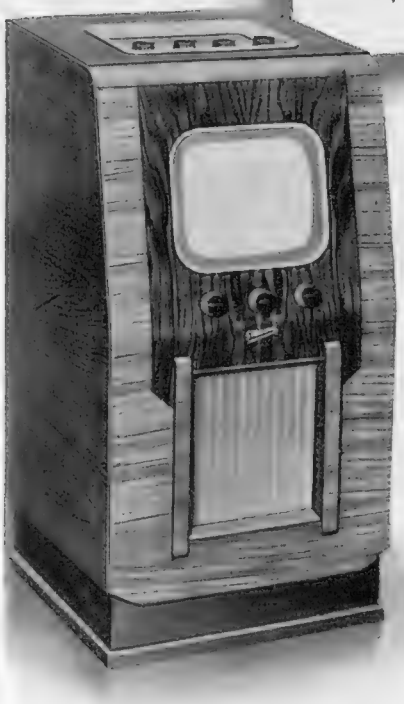

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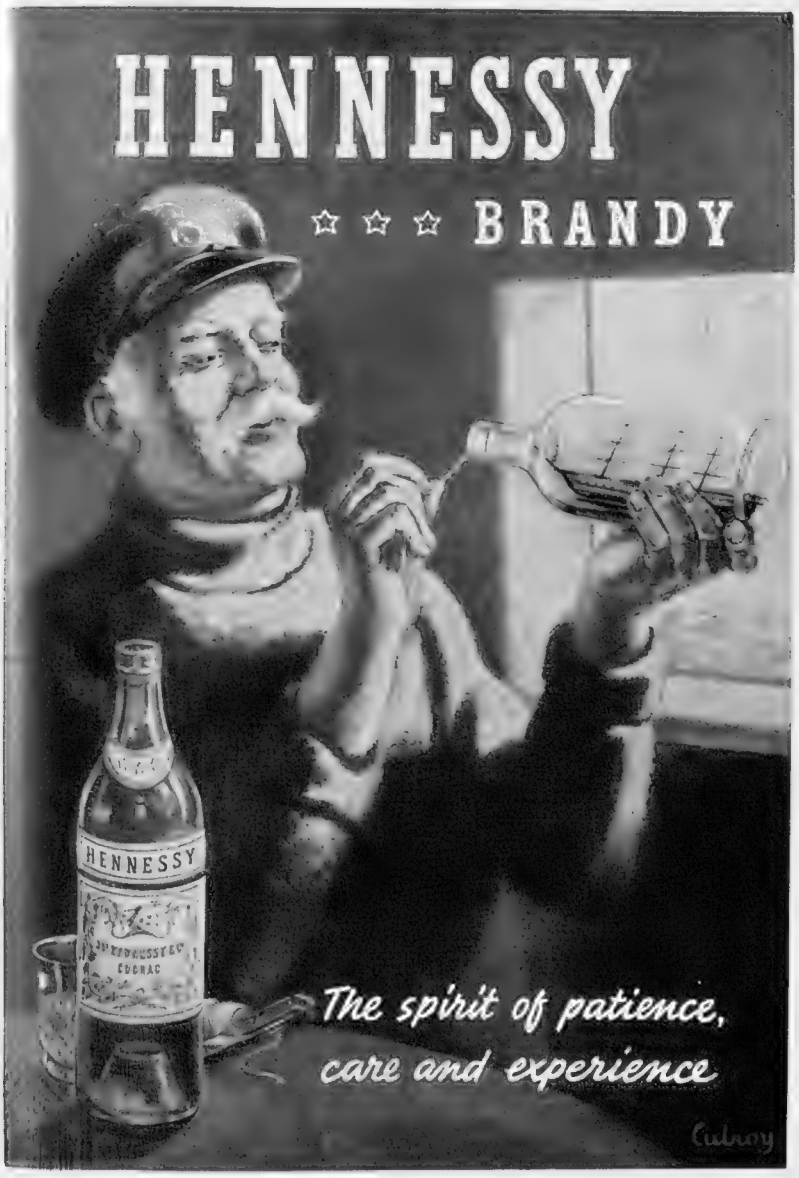

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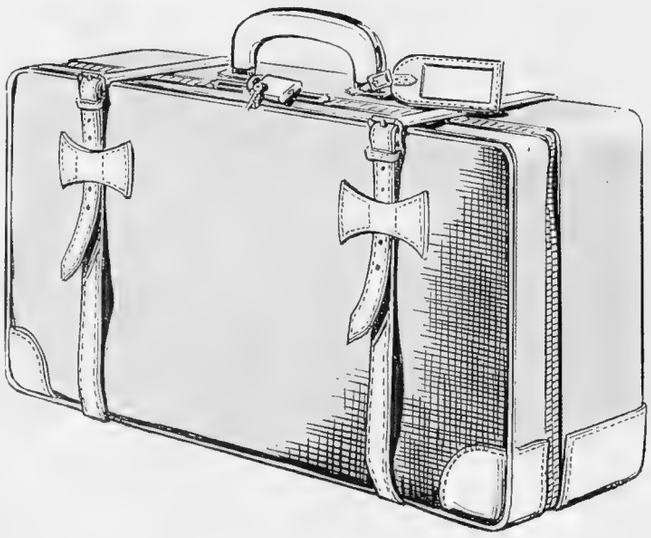

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WHEN the age of Utopia dawns (it seems farther away than ever at the moment), I hope steps will be taken to distribute evenly the world's resources, and sand from the over-supplied Sahara brought to besprinkle the pebbly shores of Britain. For, at this time of the year, when my post-bag is full of requests suggestive of buckets and spades, I am conscious of the fact that there is not sufficient sand to go round.

I have not the space here to survey the coastline of Britain as a whole, so I must be content with some general observations. It would seem that the greatest stretch of sandy coastline is on our East Coast, and, ironically enough, the Northumbrian coastline, which is lacking in holiday hotels, is nearly all sand.

Personally, if I was to holiday with the Northumbrian coastline as my main objective, I should anchor myself at the Blue Bell at Belford, 5½ miles inland from Bamburgh. Once an old coaching inn as a result of its position on the Great North Road, it assumes in the summer holiday period a family environment for, even with to-day's meagre petrol allowance, the sea is within easy range. Apart from firm sands, diversions can be made from Belford to see the bird and seal sanctuaries on the Farne Islands. Take a trip over to Holy Island, view the wild cattle in the grounds of Chillingham Castle, or tour some of those historic sites of which Northumberland is so rich.

There is plenty of sand to be had, too, on the coastline of Durham. Note particularly, should business call you to Sunderland, The Seaburn, which faces the sea and that curiously-built restaurant which, Canute-like, flaunts the waves, The Marine Grotto at Marsden.

I have yet to explore in detail the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire coastlines, although I should be remiss if I did not mention Scarborough, where The Grand and The Royal are two outstanding hotels overlooking her golden sands. I am often surprised that I get so few enquiries, relatively speaking, for Norfolk, for Hunstanton has excellent hotel accommodation, such as Le Strange Arms and the Golden Lion, and is a healthy haven for children, and the same remarks apply to that less-known resort, Brancaster, where the Dormy House Hotel is becoming much talked-about in informed circles. What a pity, too, that the public are forgetful of the charm of Cromer in June, early July or late September, for here the Grand Hotel and its owners, the Willins family, have been specialists in family holidays for several generations.

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Suffolk and Essex, too, have their stretches of firm, clean sand, but in the words of the serial, it must be a case of "To be continued in our next."

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